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LESLIE'S

WEEKLY

Copyright, 1902, by Judge Company, No. 110 Fifth Avenue

Vol. XCV. No. 2463

New York, November 20, 1902

Price 10 Cents



THE HORSE SHOW

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

PUBLISHED BY THE JUDGE COMPANY, JUDGE BUILDING
NO. 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WESTERN OFFICE
828-829 MARQUETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS: The International News Company, Bream's
Building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London, England; Saarbach's
News Exchange, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Paris, France.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Terms: \$4.00 per year; \$2.00 for six months
Foreign Countries in Postal Union, \$5.00

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, and in Hawaii,
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Mexico. Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by
express or postal order, not by local checks, which, under present banking
regulations of New York, are at a discount in that city.

Thursday, November 20, 1902

Reforms at Our Gateway.

IT HAS been a notorious fact for many years that some of the methods of the immigration office at the port of New York, the point at which the vast majority of the immigrants to this country make their entry, were not of a character creditable to the intelligence and humane feeling of a civilized community. From time to time startling "revelations" and charges have been made in the newspapers concerning the petty swindles and extortions practiced upon poor and ignorant foreigners passing through this station, some committed by government officials themselves, or their subordinates, and others permitted and connived at by these same persons. It has been charged also that immigrants have been brutally treated, kept in filthy and unsanitary shelters, and fed on rotten and unwholesome food. These disclosures, however, seem never to have produced any marked effect in the way of reform of methods or a betterment of conditions surrounding the newly arrived aliens, and until recently matters were allowed to move along in the easy old groove worn deep by a course of official corruption, inhumanity, and injustice.

But the first annual report of the new commissioner of immigration, Mr. Williams, recently submitted to the government, shows that a decided turn has come at last, and that this important office will be administered in the future on a basis of honesty, humanity, and sound business principles. The report furnishes official confirmation of the worst abuses of which we have spoken, the brutality, the robbery and extortion, the rotten food, the filthy surroundings; and shows that they have been in active existence right up to the time of the present administration. The state of affairs thus disclosed shows that newspaper reports have not been exaggerated, and that the bureau, as formerly administered, was in truth a shame to the whole country. Why the higher officials at Washington, who could not have been wholly ignorant of these things, allowed such abuses to exist so long is a marvel.

Commissioner Williams has only been in office since April first of the present year, but during that time, and in the midst of an almost unprecedented rush of immigration, he has found time to correct many of the worst evils, to weed out unfit and dishonest subordinates, and to practically institute an entirely new and improved system in the care and treatment of immigrants. He has secured for them better food privileges, cleaner accommodations, and has reduced to a minimum the time during which they are detained on Ellis Island. And this is only a beginning in the line of improvements which the commissioner proposes.

This is as it should be. It would seem that if there was any one time when, more than at any other, an opportunity offered itself to impress a lesson in good citizenship and respect for law and order upon a newly arrived immigrant and prospective voter, it would be during the period when he is passing through the hands of our immigration officials. Too often, we fear, in the past the impressions given have been quite the opposite of this. It is not at all surprising, when we think of it, that a large number of these aliens who, after their experiences in getting in the country, have remained in New York to fall into the clutches of Tammany rulers, with all their shameless and brutal exactions and tyrannies, have, in time, taken up the same practices and gone to swell the ranks of bribe-givers and bribe-takers. The marvel is that so many of them, in such an atmosphere and with such example before them, have turned out to be honest and reputable citizens.

Criminals Who Go Unpunished.

THE MOST refreshing feature of the "boodle" exposures in St. Louis thus far has been the vigor and promptness with which the guilty parties have been followed up and brought to the bar of justice. Whether the penalties meted out to the thieves will be entirely adequate remains to be seen. It is to be greatly hoped, for the sake of the example in St. Louis and the country at large, that the punishment in these cases will be made to fit the crimes, and a valuable precedent thus be established for offenses of this sort.

For it is just at this point of adequacy in the penalties inflicted that most cases of this kind have broken down and miserably failed. Here in New York, for example,

we have had exposures of official rottenness and corruption from time to time during the past fifteen or twenty years, some fully as startling and shameful as those in St. Louis, and a good many rascals have been caught, indicted, and threatened with punishment, but that is as far as the matter has gone. For reasons mysterious and unknown to any save, perhaps, the prosecuting authorities, the worst of these cases of malfeasance seldom get beyond the stage of indictment. Some influence, political or otherwise, seems to intervene at this point, the indictment is pigeon-holed, and the indicted party goes his way as free and apparently unconcerned as before.

This has been the history of nearly every case of a public official charged with crime or misconduct in office in the metropolis since the days of Tweed up to the present time. Many persons, such as police captains, convicted or dismissed from the force as the result of the Lexow investigations, meet with a still kinder fate; the courts order their reinstatement in office with back pay for the time they are out. Thus, by one sort of legal legerdemain or another, the exposure of rascals in New York has only served to confirm some of the worst of them in their rascality and give them a new lease of power. Since Tweed no thief and bribe-taker of his stripe has actually been made to feel the lash of the law, although a number are now at large who have probably stolen as much as he, and who could doubtless be convicted and punished were their cases prosecuted with the same vigor and determination that characterize the proceedings against ordinary criminals.

It is to be hoped, as we have said, that a severe example will be made of every member of the "boodle" gang in St. Louis, that the prosecution will not be "called off" at some later stage of the proceedings, nor anything allowed to intervene between the guilty men and the punishment they so richly merit. They should be treated precisely as other thieves are treated, with the added penalty attached to the crime of a gross betrayal of public trust. Similar treatment should be accorded to certain men here in the metropolis, some of whom are now under indictment. Many would like to know why, for instance, the district attorney does not proceed with the case of ex-Fire Commissioner J. J. Scannell, who is under indictment for a grave breach of trust and who deserves severe punishment, if found guilty. And there are others.

Unless stern and vigorous measures are taken here and everywhere with men found guilty of plundering the public treasury and betraying the interests confided to their care, there will be no cessation in crimes of this character, the extent and frequency of which have been the reproach and shame of our municipal government during the past few years. As long as the impression prevails, as it confessedly did among the St. Louis "boodlers," that the acceptance of bribes, and other surreptitious methods of private enrichment at public expense, are a part of the "regular and understood thing" among public office-holders, and that political influence can be generally depended upon to ward off punishment in case of detection, just so long may we expect that selfish, cunning, and unscrupulous men will foist themselves into office for the opportunities for plunder which office gives.

It is right enough, no doubt, that we should pursue with all the terrors of the law the wretch who picks a pocket or steals a loaf of bread, but let us be just and mete out a proportionate penalty to the men who pick the pockets of taxpayers to the tune of thousands, and who steal not one loaf but clean out whole larders which the public has intrusted to their care.

A Hayseed Victory.

FOR THE first time in thirty-six years a Republican Governor has been re-elected in the State of New York, and only by the slender plurality of a little over ten thousand. Governor Odell's election, like his nomination, was due to the confidence of the Republican party in his sterling integrity, his splendid independence, and his high qualifications as an efficient executive officer.

But it is in order to call attention to the fact that the much-despised and too-often-reprobated hayseeds of the rural districts saved the State of New York from the renewed domination of the corrupt and corrupting forces of Tammany Hall. The rural voters saw in the reduction of their tax bills the result of the removal of the direct State tax, accomplished for the first time in the history of the State, and they gave due credit to the Republican Governor and the Republican Legislature, which brought about this business-like and striking economy. Senator Depew, in his complimentary letter to Chairman Dunn, of the Republican State Committee, on the result in New York, made this acknowledgment: "Our success is in a measure due to the fact that both organizers and fighters were largely men born and brought up in the country, and who know how country folk think and act. I have always had, as you have, an intense admiration for the fighting and staying qualities of the farmer, who, this time, has won our eternal gratitude." No public man is better entitled to speak on this subject than Senator Depew, for no one in this State keeps in closer touch with the people. It is significant that at the close of the canvass Senator Depew declared, as the result of his observation during his extended speaking tour of the State, that the salvation of the Republican ticket would be found in the conservatism and stalwartism of the rural voter.

All honor, therefore, to the despised hayseeds of the rural districts. Once more they have been the saving salt of the Excelsior State, and if the great city of New York is to be finally and utterly redeemed from the blight of Tammany Hall, the work will only be accomplished by a Legislature dominated by these same hard-headed, sober-minded, and everlastingly Republican hayseeds.

The Plain Truth.

ONE RESULT of the recent election was to bury the Nebraska corpse, which has been dragging after the Democracy for the past few years. The selfish Populist from Nebraska undertook to stump several Western States, but wherever he appeared the Republican vote grew larger. His home precinct, normally Democratic, gave a Republican majority; his prototype in Ohio was snowed under by a hundred thousand; the Republican State ticket in every Congressional district but one in his own State of Nebraska was victorious, and, on top of it all, silver was quoted in London at the lowest record price. And now, if the Associated Press and the great newspapers of the country will only let this political Lazarus lie unnoticed in his tomb, he will never hear the voice of resurrection again. Let him lie.

CURIOUS THINGS may grow out of the New York State election. Already Tammany Hall is talking of nominating Mr. Coler for mayor of greater New York next fall. His success as a candidate for that place, his friends believe, would make him available in 1904 as a Democratic candidate for Governor again, or as the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, in case the presidential nomination goes to some other State. But the election of Mr. Coler as mayor would probably settle his chances for further political preferment, for no mayor could hold the favor of Tammany Hall who did not descend to its level, and when he does that, the cleaner elements of the Democracy will cast him out. A more likely candidate for the governorship in 1904 will be Judge Parker, who, realizing what an opportunity he sacrificed this year, might be in a better frame of mind to run his chances in the presidential year. He could well afford to expect, in case of his election, a renomination and re-election, and then the possibility of the presidency in 1908.

WE ARE gratified to observe that the municipal authorities of St. Paul, Minn., have framed an ordinance designed to mitigate the nuisance of bill-board advertising. The measure will require that bill-boards be placed ten feet back from the sidewalk and that a bond be given to protect the city from damage suits. In addition to these requirements it is proposed to prohibit absolutely the erection of bill-boards in residence districts and to couple with this a provision making public hearings a prerequisite to the granting of any permit in the portion of the city where bill-boards are allowed. The ordinance would be strengthened, it seems to us, if it also provided that a small tax be paid on each square foot of bill-board surface, as is now done in some European cities, and that a prohibitory tax be placed on all advertising in street cars. But as it stands, the St. Paul ordinance is a long step toward the abolition of the sign-board abomination; a step, we may add, which other cities and communities ought to take in the near future.

THE FACT that \$34,000 in cash was found in the desk of a New York police captain who died recently should surprise nobody familiar with the revelations of a Tammany police department in recent years. It is probably true that few even of our multi-millionaires are in the habit of keeping that amount of cash lying around their desks, but for that matter no men outside of Tammany office-holders are such masters in financial arithmetic that they can make a salary of about three thousand a year yield a fortune of several hundred thousand in the course of two or three decades. The *World* recently published a list of thirty New York police captains and inspectors whose fortunes range from \$20,000 up to \$800,000, the average being about \$60,000. Of course the most of these accumulations are explained under the head of "lucky investments," a term sufficiently elastic and ambiguous to cover anything in the range of Tammany's business activities from the enforced tribute of poor push-cart men to the fat "protection" fees of the big gambling houses. The Tammany police captain who testified before the Lexow committee that his sudden rise to great wealth came about through real-estate investments in Japan probably came as near telling "where he got it" as any of his fellows have ever done or ever will do as the course of New York justice runs.

WISER OR weightier words in condemnation of vulgar and ostentatious wealth and the evils it engenders have not been spoken in these days than those recently uttered by Senator Lodge in an address at the opening of the collegiate department of Clark University. "When wealth," said he, "expends in a single evening upon a vulgar, brainless entertainment an amount of money the income of which would mean affluence to thousands of families; when it is used to promote corners in the necessities of life or for desperate gambling in the stock market; when it is engaged in an effort to debauch elections or control Legislatures; when it considers that everything is for sale—Legislatures and courts, public officers, the honesty of men and the honor of women—it is hard to over-estimate the peril which it portends." This is not the cry of the demagogue or a vain alarmist, but the voice of one of the keenest and most clear-eyed statesmen of our time, and it were well if the warning note were sounded until it should penetrate even to the brains of the dullest and most vapid of the creatures who are dawdling away their lives in the midst of luxuries and extravagances purchased with inherited money. It is these living sponges, the shallow, heartless, aimless men and women in marble palaces, who constitute the greatest menace to our existing social order, and whose ways of life are the deepest reproach that lies against Christian civilization. Worthy of more respect is a Zulu savage than a rich degenerate who finds no better use for his money than the indulgence of his vices and vanities.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SOME OF the commonly accepted theories as to the influence of heredity fail utterly in their application



SIR GANGA SINGH,
The Maharaja of Bikaner.

to the character and tendencies of Sir Ganga Singh, the young Indian potentate who has been favoring England and other parts of Europe with his presence during the past summer. Although twenty-two years old and a pure-blooded native, Sir Ganga, since he succeeded to the ruling office of Bikaner four years ago, has displayed qualities of both heart and mind which would do credit to any youth who

has enjoyed all the advantages of Western civilization. He speaks and writes English like an educated Englishman, is proficient in all manly sports connected with horse, gun, and rifle, and has charming manners. The Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal awarded to his highness two years ago for liberal and energetic relief measures in time of famine was no empty compliment; nor was it earned by merely signing papers, but by active supervision and personal attention to details. The Bikaner State maintains for imperial service a camel corps of five hundred trained camels and men qualified to act as infantry, and when disturbances broke out in China the Maharaja eagerly proffered the services of the latter with his own, an offer which the government of India accepted, to his great delight. Besides being colonel of the corps he held, at this time, an honorary commission as major in the British army, attached to a regiment of Bengal lancers. On his return from China his highness was decorated as K. C. L. E.

A GOOD story is told of the late Senator Evarts which we do not remember to have seen in print. It relates to an incident which occurred at a Cabinet meeting in the early days of the Hayes administration, when Mr. Evarts held the portfolio of State. The members of the Cabinet were sitting about the room discussing matters in an informal way when President Hayes remarked that he had just made a few appointments to certain offices without consulting his associates, the appointees being personal friends and he being sure that they would give satisfaction all around. As these particular appointments happened to fall within Secretary Evarts's department, that official was taken somewhat aback by the statement, and turning to Secretary Sherman, who sat by, said with a twinkle in his eye: "I have often heard and read about the Western reserve of Ohio, but I must confess that I have never seen any of it."

HONORS ACCUMULATE upon the head of Professor Simon Newcomb, the oldest and most eminent of living American scientists. The degree of doctor of philosophy has just been conferred upon him by the University of Christiania. He had before received similar distinctions from ten or twelve institutions including the degree of doctor of divinity from Yale, Harvard, and Columbia. He is a member of the leading scientific societies of Europe and America, and is author of many scientific text-books.

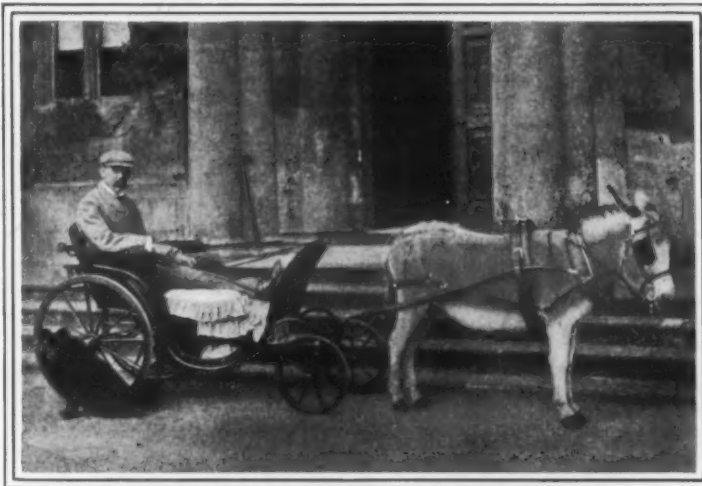


PRINCE LUITPOLD,
The regent and actual King of Bavaria.

BAVARIA SOME time ago celebrated with every evidence of true joyfulness the eightieth birthday of Prince Luitpold, who is virtually the King, although nominally only regent of the kingdom, the nominal ruler being Otto, who has for many years been hopelessly insane. The life of Luitpold was formerly embittered by much unjust criticism and vilification, by reason of the circumstances leading to his assumption of the regency, circumstances over which he had no control. But in late years popular feeling toward him has been completely reversed and he has become the idol of the people. He has managed the affairs of the kingdom with a prudence and success which are all the more highly appreciated because they contrast so favorably with the condition of affairs during the reign of Otto. The prince has also won the admiration of all Germany. He is the second son of King Louis I. and brother of King Maximilian of Bavaria, and was born at Wurzburg. Joining the army as a young man, he became a fine soldier and rose to be field-marshal and

inspector-general of the Bavarian forces. During the Franco-German War he was attached to the headquarters of the King of Prussia, and in the name of his nephew, King Louis II., handed to King William the letter which invited him to assume the title of German Emperor. In personal appearance Prince Luitpold is rather unassuming. One day as he was walking down a Munich street, a young soldier, a raw recruit, passed him without giving the usual salute, upon seeing which an officer who was close by made frantic signs to him to do so. Unfortunately the soldier, who had no idea who the simple-looking old gentleman really was, mistook the hint, and running after the prince regent, tapped him not too gently on the shoulder, and said: "Come back at once. Alter (literally 'old one'); the captain wants to speak to you."

WITH THE exception of General Kitchener, no prominent leader of the British forces in the Boer war came out of that long and critical struggle with a more creditable record than Lord Methuen. He entered the war at the very beginning and remained to the end, and was the commander in numerous hard-fought battles, in all of which he displayed the highest qualities of generalship. He was captured and severely wounded by the Boers, it will be remembered, in one of the last engagements, but was kindly treated by his captors and soon



LORD METHUEN,
The wounded Boer war hero, out for an airing.

returned to the British camp. Since his return from South Africa, Lord Methuen has been living in strict retirement at his Wiltshire seat, Corsham Court. Recently, however, he was able to attend a complimentary dinner given in his honor at Corsham, and, in response to the toast of his health, replied in a speech which should be welcome reading to both Briton and Boer. Lord Methuen's chivalry and generosity are appreciated as well



COLONEL ROOSEVELT,
With his favorite lieutenant, John C. Greenway.

by his former foes as by his own fellow countrymen; indeed, he has been assured of a hearty welcome if he will return and settle down in South Africa.

THE REPORT of the engagement of John C. Greenway to Miss Alice Roosevelt, which has been authoritatively denied, has served to call attention to the interesting career of the gentleman mentioned. Mr. Greenway, who is about thirty years old, is a graduate of Yale, class of '95, and while at that institute made a name in university athletics, that will be handed down for many college generations, as Yale's greatest baseball catcher and one of her best football end rushers. He was the only college catcher who could be found who was able to handle the delivery of the famous "Dutch" Carter. He was quick to enlist at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war and received a lieutenant's commission in the rough riders. He was the first man up San Juan Hill and was afterward known as Colonel "Teddy" Roosevelt's favorite lieutenant. The accompanying picture shows Colonel Roosevelt and Lieutenant Greenway in uniform at the rough riders' camp and on their mustangs. Lieutenant Greenway is

well regarded personally and has a host of friends. He is an intelligent but unassuming man of action. Despite his athletic and military record he has never gone into politics or accepted office from the present administration, but is quietly engaged in a successful business near Pittsburgh.

MR. EDWARD CLARK POTTER calls his statue of General Slocum, recently unveiled at Gettysburg, his "hoodoo," having had more ill luck with that particular piece of work than falls to the lot of most sculptors in a lifetime. It was modeled at Mr. Potter's summer studio at Enfield, Mass., in clay on an iron frame, and after eight months of the hardest kind of work he said as he left the studio at night: "One day's work more and it will be done." Imagine his feelings on going to his studio the next morning



EDWARD CLARK POTTER,
And his "hoodoo" work of art.

to find that the iron had rusted off and the tons of clay lay in a heap on the floor, all of his long labor gone to naught, and his assistant, who had done the preliminary work and who was responsible for the downfall, having literally taken to the woods. Finally the statue was done over again and finished, boxed up, and sent to the station, where it was found it was too big for the car. It had to be unboxed and repacked, and at length was shipped to the foundry, but on the way got lost, and for over a month no trace of it could be found. It finally reached the foundry. Months afterward Mr. Potter received a large box and on opening it found the head of Slocum, which had been shipped back to him, but why he was never able to find out. Mr. Potter is one of the best animal sculptors in this country. His horses on the Peristyle and his colossal horses and bulls on the Court of Honor will be remembered by all who visited the world's fair in Chicago.

ANECDOTES AND recollections of the author of "Festus" are now in order, although his name was scarcely mentioned for years before his death. It is interesting to remember that Browning was fascinated by many passages in Bailey's poem, which he described as "unsurpassed in grandeur and quite unsurpassable." At an evening party in Piccadilly twenty years ago Browning, discovering that somebody in the room knew Bailey, sought out the poet's friend and talked for half an hour on "Festus" and its author, whom he had come to regard, he said, as a myth. Tennyson's estimate of Bailey's poem may be taken, perhaps, as the general opinion of it. "I have just got 'Festus,'" he wrote to Fitzgerald; "order it and read it. You will most likely find it a great bore, but there are really very grand things in it." Bailey was often accused of having merely copied "Faust," but the charge was quite unjust. At the time he began "Festus" Bailey had not even read the poem which he afterward discovered so closely resembled his own.

IN A CERTAIN district in Kentucky it is proposed to revive the good old custom of conveying the mails in a stage-coach with outriders and postillions. The proposal comes from General John B. Castleman, a noted Kentucky horse lover and whip, who has a plan to carry the mails in this style between his home, Pleasant Hill, and Burgin, a distance of six miles.

FOR SOME years past two of the brightest stars in the galaxy of lovely women who adorn English society have been Lady Londonderry and her sister, Lady Dudley. They are both grandmothers, but, like Queen Alexandra, they seem to possess the secret of eternal youth. Lady Londonderry, who is the eldest of Lord Shrewsbury's three sisters, is very popular in Ireland, for she was an ideal Vice-reine, and is devoted to Mount Stewart, Lord Londonderry's Irish home. She has very literary and artistic tastes, and some few years ago contributed a valuable historic paper on the great Lord Castlereagh to the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.



LADY LONDONDERRY,
A famous beauty and social leader in London.

THE POPE, wealthiest of modern rulers, spiritual or secular, has been happy in sharing the fortunes of other men. It has been reckoned that during his pontificate a sum of over five million dollars has been bequeathed to him in various ways, \$600,000 having come to him in one year, and one recent bequest being for no less than two hundred thousand dollars.



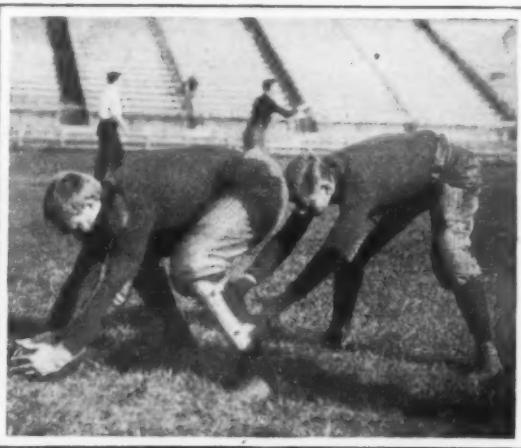
COLUMBIA'S RECENT DEFEAT ON THE GRIDIRON BY BROWN.

PROVIDENCE TEAM KICKING ITS FIRST GOAL IN THE ONE-SIDED CONTEST AT THE POLO GROUNDS.—Earle.

Brothers Who May Be Foes at Football

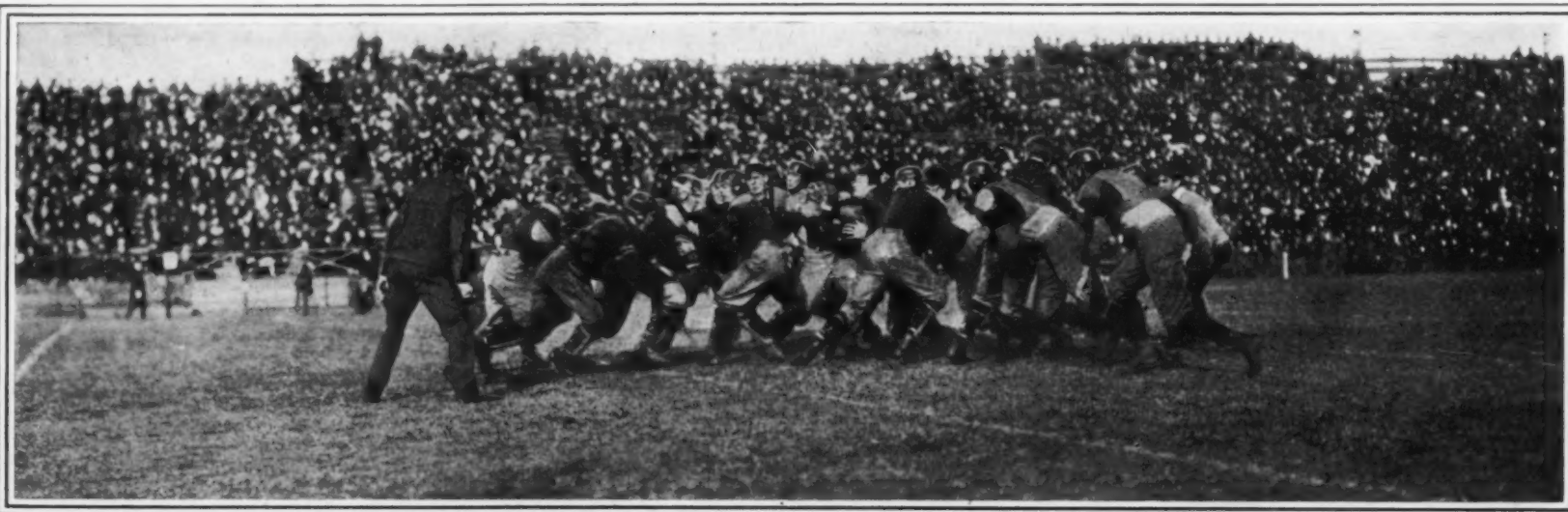
ALFRED STILLMAN,
OF HARVARD.

WHEN YALE meets Harvard in the culminating football game of the season, November 22d, two brothers may line up against each other. This has rarely happened in American universities, where older brothers generally hand down the younger members of the family as an inheritance to the same college in which the older sons have made a name. The three sons of Mr. Stillman, a New York business man, have been divided in their allegiance between Yale and Harvard, and consequently the parents have trouble when they attend a Yale-Harvard football game about the colors they wear. No matter what their selection may be, their choice will not be satisfactory to all of their sons. George, their oldest son, played tackle on the Yale eleven for two years, graduating in 1900. He was head coach last fall,



WALTER STILLMAN, YALE QUARTERBACK, IN PRACTICE, TAKING BALL FROM MORTON, CENTRE-RUSH.—Sedgwick.

and has been a leading coach this season. He was hammer-thrower for the Yale track team for two years. Alfred, his younger brother, is one of the best all-round athletes at Harvard. He is the pitcher for the 'varsity baseball nine and alternates with Captain Clarkson between the pitcher's box and centre-field. He is the heaviest batter at Harvard. He is full-back on the Harvard football team, having played that position two years. The youngest of the three brothers is Walter, a Yale sophomore. He was manager of the Yale freshman team last year. This season he has been substitute quarter-back and end-rush at Yale. He may be obliged to tackle his brother Alfred to prevent Harvard making a touchdown against Yale at New Haven next Saturday.

GEORGE STILLMAN,
YALE COACH.

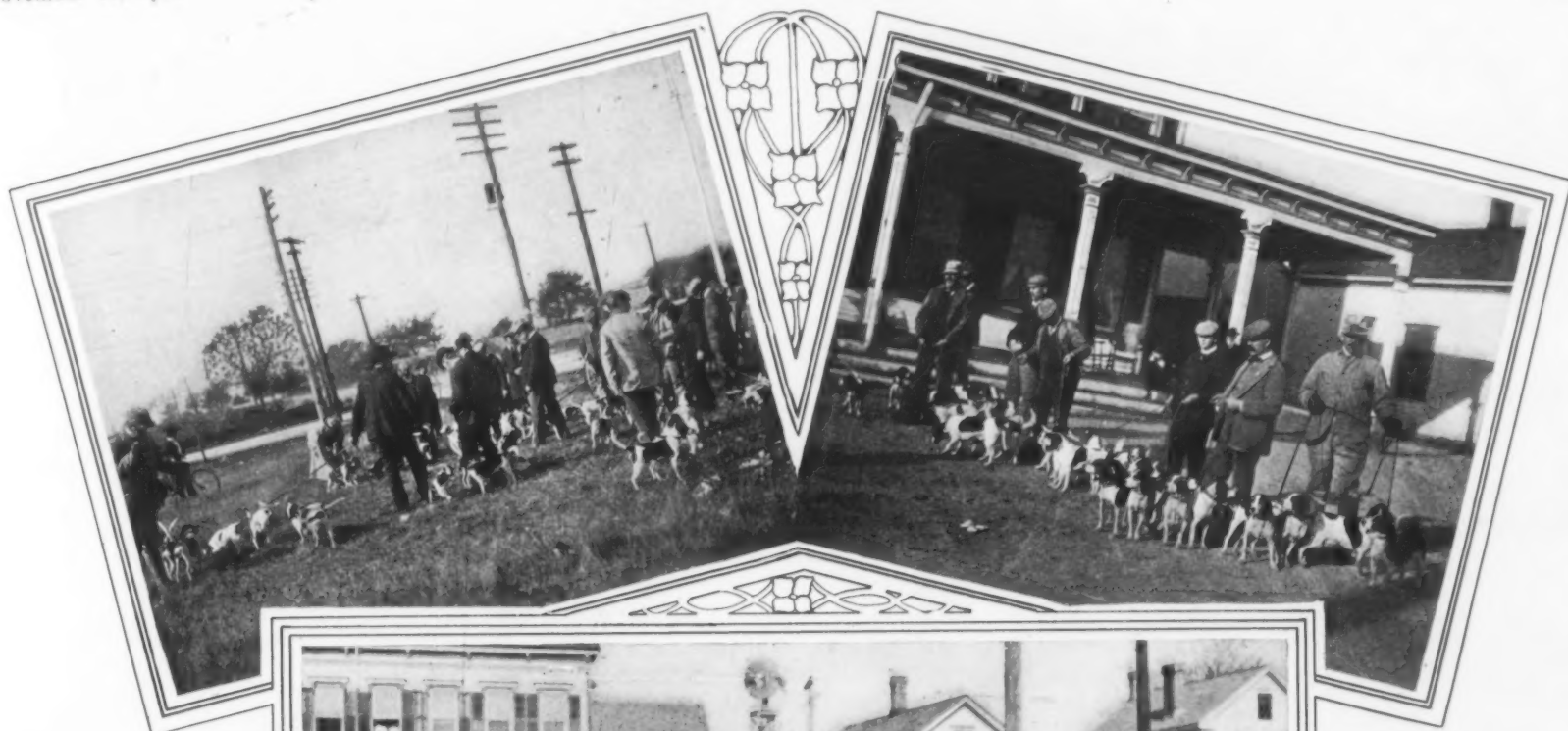
PENNSYLVANIA TRYING A VIGOROUS RUN AROUND HARVARD'S LEFT END—PENNSYLVANIA MEN IN STRIPED SWEATERS.



BENNETT, OF PENNSYLVANIA, RECEIVING THE BALL ON HIS FORTY-FIVE-YARD LINE JUST BEFORE A KICK TO MARSHALL.

HARVARD'S FOOTBALL VICTORY OVER PENNSYLVANIA.

IMPORTANT PLAYS IN THE GAME BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT UNIVERSITIES AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Hare.



GATHERING OF THE SPORT-LOVING CLAN AT HEADQUARTERS, MINEOLA, L. I.



DOGS IN LEASH STARTING OFF FOR EXERCISE IN THE MORNING.



MRS. THEODORE HAUSER, CHICAGO, AND HER ENTRIES—FIRST WOMAN TO HANDLE A COMPETITOR IN FIELD TRIALS.

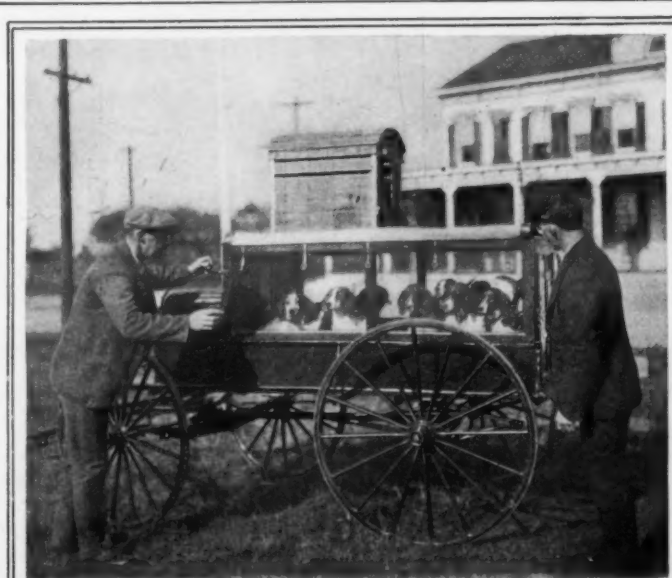
GENERAL MUSTER OF THE TRAINED BEAGLES AND THEIR OWNERS.



T. G. MORRISON'S "REX M.," WHICH DIVIDED THIRD MONEY WITH FREELAND IN CLASS A.



ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR AN OWNER—"WILL HE GO UNDER THE MEASURE?"



DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS TRAVEL BY COACH TO THE TRIAL GROUNDS.



W. G. ROCKEFELLER'S VALUABLE STRING.

ANNUAL FIELD TRIALS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB. GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION OF HUNTING-DOGS ON W. C. WHITNEY'S ESTATE, WHEATLEY HILLS, L. I.

Photographs by our staff artist, G. B. Luckey.

All About the Great Horse Show in New York

By Charles P. Sawyer, National Horse Show Association.

THE MOST successful of all horse shows in this country is that of the National Horse Show Association, which is held annually in the Madison Square Garden during the week preceding Thanksgiving Day. It marks the real opening of the New York social season, and "Queen Woman" is there in all her glory of new gowns to vie with what the newspapers are pleased to call in big head-lines "King Horse." With each year the interest has increased and the opening show of the new century was a record breaker in many ways, especially in regard to attendance, for the exhibition of 1901 was given to something like 20,000 more spectators than were in the garden the previous year. With an increased number of horses this year, many new exhibitors, and a record-breaking sale of boxes, there is every prospect that this year's show will be even greater than those which have preceded it.

To those who watch the running of the machinery and see how smoothly the show goes on its way, it would seem an easy task to prepare for the hundreds of horses and thousands of people, no hitch being apparent to the closest observer. It is by no means simple, however, or the thought of a moment. The experience of seventeen years has to be added to with each show, and the exhibition of one year is scarcely over before plans are laid for the next. Lessons are learned every year, and there is always something not apparent to the lay mind that needs to be cared for. During the progress of one year's show the officers, judges, and even attendants, have on their thinking-caps and make suggestions which are listened to and jotted down for future reference. Some of these are in regard to management, others relate to classification, and others to the thousand and one things that go to make up the harmonious whole. Early in the summer work is begun upon the premium list and the selection of the judges which must go out with it, as the intending exhibitors are very particular as to whom they send their horses before. Classes of which much has been expected may not have filled well, and the cause has to be sought in an effort to remedy possible defects in the conditions and increase the interest in a class, or to drop it altogether. Conditions under which well-filled classes are formed may not be just what are needed to bring into the ring and give the blue ribbon to the best type, and need changing, and new classes may have to be formed to meet new conditions. Then comes the question of judges. It is manifestly impossible to please every exhibitor, so when judges give an average amount of satisfaction they are retained from year to year if possible. Some classes require three judges, while others have but one, for it has been found with years of experience that some classes actually require three, while in others the best results are obtained when the decision is left to one man. With these things settled the premium list goes to the printer, and about two months before the day for closing the entries it is sent out all over the country.

The entries come in slowly at first, and then, as the time of closing approaches, the clerks who receive and tabulate them are swamped by each mail, and day and night they are kept busy getting the horses in their proper classes and preparing the "copy" for the printer of the catalogue. The time between the closing of the entry list and the day for the opening of the show is so short that every effort has to be made to get the elaborate catalogue ready for the first day. As soon as the entries are closed the work of the press agent begins, and he must familiarize himself with the horses and their records, so that he will be ready at all times to give out the information and call attention to special features of the year.

The programme of the week comes next, and for some time the secretary is at work arranging the classes so that there shall be no tedious waits between them or contests prolonged far beyond the hour of closing. To do this he has to take into consideration the size of the classes, the speed of the judges, and the necessity for giving the morning to weeding-out processes among

jumpers and the less interesting animals. When it is ready the large and small classes are so sandwiched in that rarely does the time come for closing the morning, afternoon, or evening session with the judges still at work.

Next is the sale of boxes, for which there is so great a demand that they have to be disposed of by auction. An afternoon is given to this, and when the auctioneer is through the boxes that are desirable are disposed of, and for the whole week. The allotment of seats to members comes next, and there are so many in the association that in a day or two few of these are left. Then the box office is thrown open for two days for the sale of seats for the week, followed by the sale of seats for single performances, which does not stop until the show is over, although the first two and the last night's seats are the only ones left on the opening day.

One week before the show opens a small army of men is put at work preparing the garden for one of its many metamorphoses during the year. The big ring is laid out and earth to cover the ground is brought from a long distance, carefully selected, so that it shall be the virgin soil, free from taint of gas. It is carefully rolled and then covered with a thick layer of tan bark, which is rolled and re-rolled until it is as smooth as a barn floor, and raised a little at the turns to prevent accidents. The yellow and black decorations are put in place, and the boxes and seats are refurbished and cleaned up, in order that the daintiest gowns may not be injured. Finally the big board-walk around the ring, where everybody goes to be seen and to see in the great society promenade, is put in place, and the garden is ready for the visitors.

During this time the secretary has his hands full allotting the stalls and boxes, of which there are altogether too few to accommodate the eight hundred or more horses, and his task is by no means easy, for no one will be satisfied with what has been given. Box stalls are wanted by many more than can be accommodated, and those who do get them are envied by those who do not, and are likely to make "remarks." Then, too, the garden stalls down in the basement will not take more than half of the horses entered, and it is necessary to seek quarters outside. In other years it was necessary to build an annex in Twenty-seventh Street covering half the street, but the abandonment of the Thirty-second Street car stables has given the Association a place to accommodate the overflow much better, although exhibitors do not care particularly for the quarter-of-a-mile trip to the garden to be judged.

The horses begin to arrive on the Saturday before the show, and all that day and night and the next day and night they come in, the veterinaries being kept busy all the time examining the animals, for with the thousands of dollars' worth of horse-flesh great care has to be taken that only well horses are brought among the exhibits, for if disease creeps in it would be an expensive proceeding. The men who do the examining are keen observers and watch every arrival like hawks, and so far no horses have been hurt, although, of course, an occasional cold is developed and the horse is promptly isolated.

Next in order is the private opening of the show on the Sunday prior to the public opening. Then comes the annual luncheon, which has become an important feature of the show. In the restaurant, grouped around the big horseshoe table, will be found representatives of almost every walk in life, horsemen, judges, and newspaper men being found in greatest numbers. It is a time of jollification, for the show is ready, the hardest of the work is over, and the celebration of the event is on. After the luncheon an adjournment is taken to the side of the arena and the pick of the horses in the show are brought out for inspection, the grooms, class callers, stable hands, and messengers, all in neat uniforms, are paraded, led by the ringmaster in immaculate dress, and ushered in by the bugler.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning the doors of the garden are thrown open. The four ring grooms station

themselves at the four corners of the judges' stand, the ring committee take their places within, the judges are ready, the ringmaster stands at attention, and the bugler sounds "boots and saddles." The first class comes into the ring at the call and the show is on for a week. From 9 A. M. until 1 P. M., from 2:30 P. M. until 6 P. M., and from 8:30 P. M. until 11 P. M., the ring is rarely empty, horses of all types and sizes passing in procession before the judges. For some unknown reason the greatest number of spectators visit the show on Thursday, possibly because in one year an exalted personage was there on that day, although Wednesday and Friday nights generally test the capacity of the great amphitheatre. Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, the attendance, although large, is less than on the other three days.

Frequently classes under inspection are so large that it would require a ring ten times as great as that in use to accommodate all the entries, so they are brought in in squads. Each division is called in by the bugler separately and each has its chance at a drive around the ring under the inspection of the judges and is then lined up in the middle of the ring. Those that look the least promising are placed on the east side of the stand and the best are put on the west side. Some, of course, are by no means up to the standard set by others, so they promptly get the "order of the gate" and retire at once. Then, when all are in, those on the east side are sent around again and generally are promptly dismissed, although one or two may be left for a time. Then the lot in the west half have their trial, and they are sifted down again. This weeding-out process goes on until four or five are left on the west side and none on the east. Then these are put through their paces over and over again, until finally the judges decide upon the winner of the blue, whereupon he is triumphantly driven up to the stand for the plaudits of the crowd and his rosette. Then quickly follow the red, the yellow, and the white, and the next class is called.

Once in a while there is a dispute over the height of a horse, or the judges suspect that something is wrong with an animal before them, and again the veterinary is called upon; he makes a careful examination of the animal, and his judgment is final. The measurement is also made to settle that dispute, and sometimes the horse has to be measured several times before he is accepted in the class or turned out as over or under size. The complaints over the judging are few and far between, and not one was made in the show of last year.

The importance of the show in the public estimation is told readily by the press room. Up at the end of the garden in the first balcony, where every movement of a horse under inspection may be seen, is a long row of desks for those who keep their eyes glued on the ring while the judges are at work, while off the gallery is a big room where writers may work in peace. It is a busy spot at all times, and on some occasions fully one hundred and fifty men have been at work there, each city newspaper having specialists in the various well-known types of horse, who see nothing but horse and can talk nothing but horse. Among them, too, are the "star" writers, who are there to get local color for the "introduction," while down on the floor are the society reporters taking notes, and the artists looking for material for sketches, which will be worked up in the quiet of the press room or down town in the newspaper offices.

All the week this whirl goes on, and one by one the winners are selected, until Saturday afternoon comes, when the blue-ribbon winners come together again to select which shall be the best of the breed without regard to special conditions, and by eleven o'clock that night all the championships are awarded, the lights go down, the bugler blows "taps," and the band plays the last stragglers out with "Auld Lang Syne." They are scarcely out of the place before the workmen swarm in again, and before the midnight hour strikes the place is being dismantled for the next show in the garden, which may be of an entirely different nature.

Ancient Fables for the Horse Show

Ye Olde Horse.

AN OLDE horse who for twenty yeares hadde notte so much as pawed ye earthe or even snorted in a loud tone one day happened along where some colts were kycking uppe their heels & having some funne.

"Ho, Ho!" nickered ye olde horse prancing uppe & looking devilish. "Verrie goode, boys, verrie goode! But watch me & see how we used to do itte fortie yeares ago!" Thenne ye olde horse snorted fiercely, arched hys taile & rose uponne hys wobbly hind legges, pawing ye air & squealing raucously.

& all ye colts putte their heddes behind one another's shoulders & smiled. "Gad-zooks!" they snickered, "Watch ye Olde Manne gette gaye!"

Just thenne ye olde horse stubbed hys toe uponne a corn cobbe & turned a flippe-floppe, rolling uponne ye grounde alle tangled up, with hys fore legs in a bow knot & one hinde legge over hys eare.

"Alas!" he wheezed after he hadde unravelled himself & was limping away. "itte took me forty yeares to learn that a youthful spirit can notte loosen uppe olde joints!"

& all ye colts kicked one another inne ye ribs & laughed gleefully.

& this is ye lesson:

- (1) Never gette gaye inne your olde age.
- (2) Whenne Time scores onne you, throw uppe your handes & confess it.
- (3) Never butte inne whenne you are out of ye gayme.

Ye Horse and ye Ass.

YE HORSE and ye Ass once hadde a dispute as to whych was the better known.

"I," said ye Horse, "am ye star actor of ye whole coon show. I cock my tail and prance, and all who pass by regard me with awe and say, 'Lo! What a wonderful Horse!'"

And ye Ass said nothing—though hys under lip trembled slightly. Also hys eyes were sleepy and he looked sad.

"And whenne people fayle to notice me," continued ye conceited Horse, "I rise uponne my hind legges and paw ye air and snort! Yea, I snort with exceeding greate vigor and many people see and admire!"

Then did ye meek Ass give a tired sigh.

"Behold!" he murmured. "Itte is true I am but a lowly Ass, modest and retiring inne my habits. I am seldom seen of menne."

"Yette am I welle-known."

"I rise notte uponne my hind legges and prance;

neither do I do stunts to catch ye eye of ye rabble. But whenne uponne some lonely hillside I lift my voice inn a little song, thenne verily there is something doing. Yea, of a truth ye rocks are jarred loose uponne ye mountains and ye beasts and foules falle over themselves trying to gette in ye clear; also ye sky cracketh and ye milk soureth in ye cellars!"

"And it cometh to pass as I warble, that all ye people of ye whole country-side pause to listen; and they say one to another:

"'Lo! itte is ye Gentle Ass singing himself to sleep uponne yonder hillside fourteen miles away!'"

Thenne ye conceited Horse laid hys ears back uponne hys neck and walked away swithching hys tayle spitefully; for well wotted he thatte ye Meek Ass was It!

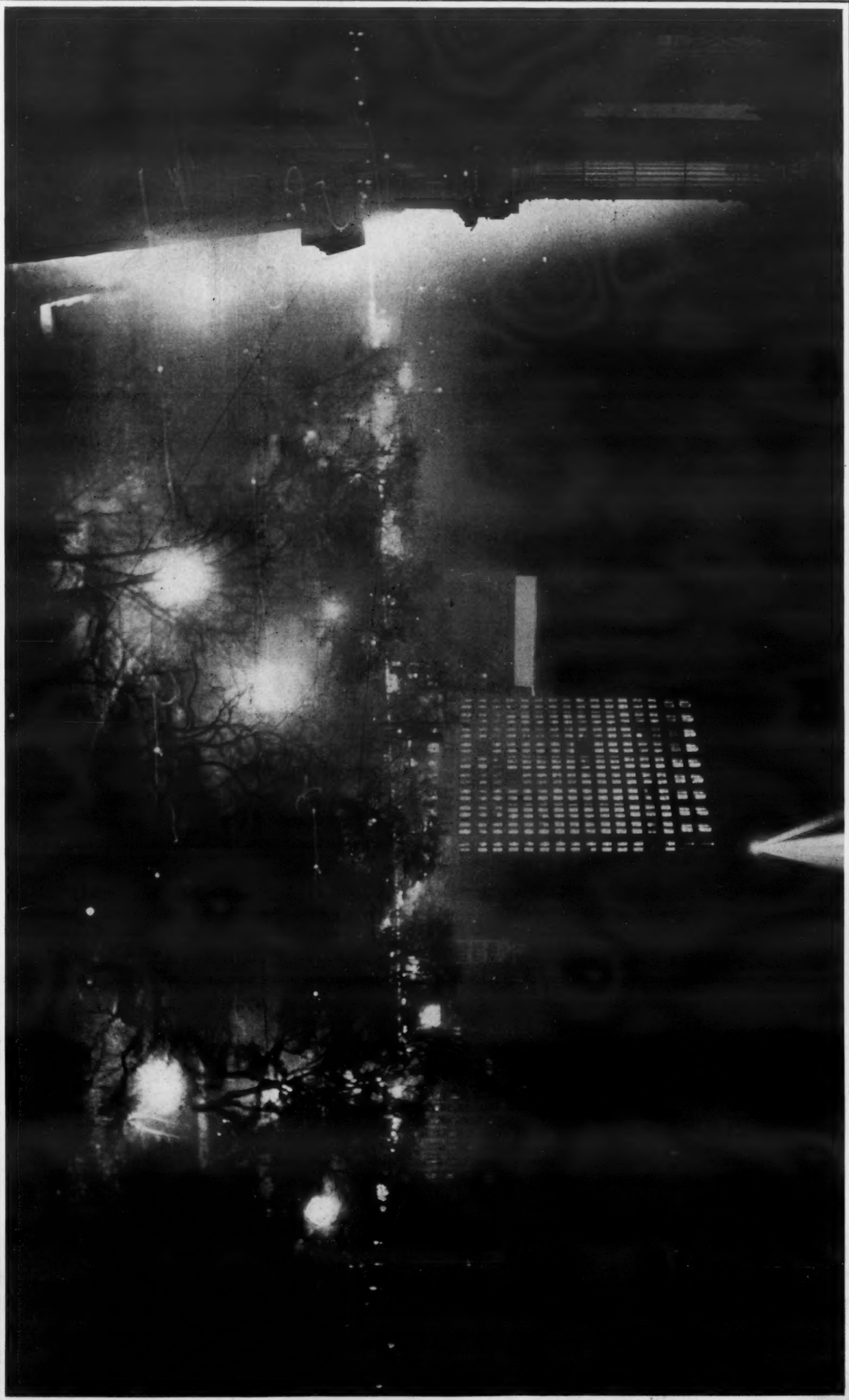
(Ye Lesson.)

First Wise Bunch: True worth can notte be hidden—even though itte be buried inne obscurity.

Second Round: If thy talents wille notte of themselves bring thee fame it booteth notte to do stunts in ye public eye.

Third Sneeze: Ye song of ye obscure poet cutteth more ice than ye cake-walk of ye Mountebank.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.



ELECTION-NIGHT HORROR IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SOLE PHOTOGRAPH OF FIREWORKS EXPLOSION WHICH KILLED TWELVE PERSONS AND BADLY HURT FIFTY.

Photograph by James H. Hare, for "Lent's Weekly."

Tars on Shore-Leave Buy Many Mascots

WHEN ANY vessel of our navy after a cruise reaches port there is always a strong desire among the men on board to obtain "shore-leave." A naval seaman's lot is largely one of hard work and much monotony. He is separated for months, sometimes for years, from the cheerful influences of home life, and while his ship is at sea he rarely or never gets a real good sleep. Owing to the system of dividing the crew into "watches," the sailor is allowed only four hours continuous slumber before he is aroused for four hours of duty. At the end of that period he is permitted to take another nap of four hours, but the break "between winks" has tried his nerves. The officers also have to submit to this unnatural mode of living. The consequence is "that tired feeling" in the case of all concerned. The officers often grow melancholy and some, as was the case lately, commit suicide. The men, too, chafe under the irksome conditions, and whenever they are released for a time from their floating prison they are irrepressibly happy. In the exuberance of their joy they frequently, when once on land, indulge in what is almost a free fight. They engage in rough horse-play and fall to pummeling one another. Occasionally in the mêlée hard blows are struck and knives are drawn, and the wild frolic ends with a number of bruised or cut and bleeding participants. When the frenzy abates, amicable relations are resumed and the men scatter to other scenes of amusement as if nothing had happened.

Jack Tar is notoriously improvident, and most of our naval seamen, when they get ashore, spend their money, be it more or less, with a lavish hand. Shore leave is limited to twenty-four hours, but in that brief time the unrestrained sailor manages to run through about all the cash he carries with him. He plunges into a whirl of dissipation and is oftentimes cheated or robbed of a good share of his ready assets, but a percentage of the latter is also apt to go for anything that happens to strike his almost childish fancy. Mascots are the seafarer's delight, and whatever he may come across which seems to him to have a talismanic property he is bound to buy if he can. Hence, when the "pier jumpers," as those on shore leave are technically called, return in well-filled barges to the ship and under direction of the master-at-arms climb up to the deck, they are likely to bring with them a miscellaneous collection of goats, dogs, parrots, monkeys, roosters, etc. One sailor on the *Kearsarge*, either in or out of his senses at the time, went so far as to purchase as a mascot a colored baby from its mother for the sum of forty cents and came aboard with it in his arms. He was not allowed to retain it, however, and the child was eventually restored to its repentant and hysterical parent.

How many of the mascots may be kept on board lies within the discretion of the captain. A liberal policy is pursued in this matter. But manifestly there is a limit to the number of those that can be accommodated. The surplus is sent ashore without delay. When the returned "pier jumpers" are lined up while the ship's writer calls the roll to discover the laggards, it is one of the most perplexing duties of the officer of the deck to decide what dumb creatures may or may not be added to the vessel's menagerie. If the vessel is on her way homeward from the tropics she usually carries a large variety of living presents for the home friends of the sailors. But these are only temporary tenants of the hold and would not be permitted to remain on board long.

The permanent pets simmer down to comparatively a few, and some of these have become famous throughout the navy. One of the most notable of them is Mike, the wonderfully intelligent goat of the *Kearsarge*. Mike is the ever-ready playfellow of the sailors and he is daily provoked into exhibitions of his butting abilities. He is the terror of all other mascots and, if not prevented, at once attacks any dog, monkey, or other goat that he spies on deck. When weary of skylarking Mike retires to the quarter-deck for rest, the officers being less given to teasing and disturbing him. When the marines prepare for a march on shore Mike is all eagerness and excitement, and bleats loudly as if giving orders by bugle. He dashes down the gangplank with the expedition and sticks close to the officers wherever they go. A forty-mile jaunt does not lessen his pluck. If there is practice firing he swells the noise with his bleating. Mike is particularly fond of battling with mascots of his own species. Should the *Kearsarge* be moored at a wharf near another war-vessel Mike will steal ashore and take up a position on the gangplank of the other ship until an adversary appears. The two of them butt away at each other until one of them has had enough, when both return to their quarters. On days of target practice, when the big guns are fired, Mike, who is troubled by the concussion, runs down into the hold, where he stays until the discharges cease. For his many accomplishments Mike is regarded by the entire crew with pride and affection.

Another highly valued mascot on the *Kearsarge* is a huge rooster. He came to his noble estate in a peculiar way. A case of eggs for the vessel was secured at Martinique just a week before the disastrous eruption of Mont Pelée, and one of these hatched in the intense heat of the tropics without aid of incubator or hen. The chick developed into the *Kearsarge's* chanticleer, which is kept in the baker's department. He is a great favorite with the men, and has many a bout with them. He likes to be up with the bakers while they work at night, and his interest in the proceedings and his lusty crowing enliven the hours for the nocturnal workers. In addition to the two described the men of the *Kearsarge* have several pets of lesser note.

Every other vessel of the navy has its mascots, some

of them having as many as a dozen. Bulldogs are quite numerous on our naval ships, and the goat is a general favorite.

Timely Praise for American Public Schools.

JUST NOW, when the introduction of our American public-school system in our new dependencies is being bitterly opposed in certain quarters, it is important to note the valuable testimony to its efficiency which comes in the shape of a census report covering the decade from 1890 to 1900, showing a steady increase in the proportion of children between ten and fourteen years of age able to read and write in this country, notwithstanding the large infusion of a foreign element during this same period. The figures in this report show that in 1890 there were thirteen States, and in 1900 twenty-seven States, in which the percentage of children of the ages named able to read and write was more than ninety-eight. These twenty-seven States in 1900 included 62.2 per cent. of the population. The rapid decrease of illiteracy among children in many of the Southern States is especially noteworthy, Alabama, for instance, gaining seven points in the decade, South Carolina nine, and Louisiana ten. On the whole, the report shows a far higher average grade of intelligence than any other civilized country on the globe, a result unquestionably due to our free public schools.

Another tribute to the efficiency of our public schools, equally timely and significant, appears in the recently published results of an investigation into our educational system by experts detailed for the work by the London board of education. In the judgment of these experts the moral and educational value of American public schools is incalculable. The attachment of the whole people to them is attributed partly to their high level of intelligence and partly to their perception that the public schools constitute a bulwark against plutocracy and all

Indiana—The Mother of Great Men

BETWEEN the blue of inland seas
And sunset's golden gate
She sits among her fertile farms
And weaves the web of state.
The weft and warp of power and fame
Slip smoothly through her hands;
The whirring of her busy loom
Is heard in distant lands.

FORTH from her log-built cabin-door,
With running roses red,
Full many a sturdy son has gone
The nation's halls to tread;
So when on fame's immortal scroll
You place the good and great,
Among the Union's glorious names
Write high the Hoosier State.

MINNA IRVING.

subversion of the spirit of American institutions. One of the investigators, Sir Joshua Fitch, notes that "the exclusion of sectarian and clerical influence from the common school appears in many places to have had the incidental effect of quickening the zeal of the churches, making them more sensible of their responsibility." It is this very exclusion of sectarian influence, it should be noted, which is made the chief basis of opposition to the public schools by certain elements in the United States. In commenting on the report in question, the London *Daily News* expresses the frank opinion that it would be an immense gain to England if the American public school system could be transferred to that country where it would help to do away with what it calls "the fabric of mediæval feudalism," still preserved in England.

Intelligent American citizens generally have no need of testimonies like these from foreign or domestic sources to heighten their sense of the practical value of our common schools, but it is well, for various reasons, to give special prominence to the facts thus adduced at the present time. Our educational methods have their faults, no doubt, and we may profitably take some lessons from Germany, for instance, in the matter of technical instruction, but taken as they are to-day our institutions of learning, from the lowest to the highest, constitute a feature of American life and activity of which we may be justly proud. It may be positively affirmed that one can not be a true and loyal friend to our system of government and our free institutions, and at the same time be an enemy of our free public schools.

Sending Letters by Electricity.

THE CHILDISH delusion that telegraphic messages are conveyed bodily along the wires in some mysterious fashion bids fair to be not so much of a delusion after all, according to a reported invention in Italy, by which letters are to be sent from one point to another by electricity. Experiments are to be conducted under the Italian postal authorities with this very novel apparatus between Rome and Naples.

The New York Dramatic Season.

HOW LONG can a comedian continue to be funny?

Many remember the success of Harrigan and Hart's eccentric Irish comedies, which were the vogue for several years. There were crowded houses, high prices, and new plays every year, but in the course of time the Harrigan and Hart strain ran out. Poor Hart died in an asylum and Harrigan was left to seek engagements, I believe, on the vaudeville stage. Will a similar fate overtake Weber & Fields? Thus far this season they have given the expectant public nothing but disappointments. "Twirley Whirley" is a farrago of nonsense, and the addition of "Humming Birds and Onions" does not make the performance more attractive. Those who see the show once are satisfied not to see it again. It is too bad that, with a company embracing so much talent and with the originality that Weber & Fields themselves have displayed in other years, a better and more satisfactory entertainment cannot be given.

A bright young woman, Doris Keane, and an admirable student of eccentric acting, Miss Helen Travers, both made a hit in "A Young Scapegrace," the three-act comedy which had its first performance at the Empire Theatre, at the recent entertainment of Sargent's dramatic students. The programme was long and rather heavy, but the young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves very well.

A performance that rivals the Passion Play, as a religious lesson, is "Everyman," now running at the New York. It is a singular entertainment, a revival of the most notable of the fifteenth-century English "morality plays," and has attracted in New York City, as it did in London, large and fashionable audiences, mainly from among church-goers. No applause is permitted, the names of none of the actors are printed on the bill, and the whole performance is more like a mediæval service than a performance of the modern stage. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who plays the title rôle of "Everyman," has remarkable gifts, and the sincerity of her acting makes a lasting impression.

A distinct success is scored to Mary Mannering, in Clyde Fitch's new and very original four-act play, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," which, under the management of Frank McKee, is running at the Garrick. Mr. Fitch aims at stage novelties and he certainly secures one in the first act of his new comedy, in which he gives a very correct representation of the deck of a great passenger steamer. Miss Mannering has plenty of work to do and does all of it exceedingly well. The play is clean, bright, lively, and interesting. The honors of the star are shared by Miss Amy Ricard, who takes the part of the vivacious *Vi Thompson*, and Arthur Byron and Mrs. Hone are both emphatically good. I predict a long and successful run for Geraldine.

Those who had the pleasure of seeing John Drew in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," at the Empire, before this admirable comedy was withdrawn, appreciated the distinct and clear enunciation with which the two principal ladies in the cast spoke their lines. I refer to Margaret Dale and Marie Derickson. It is too bad that other leading ladies, not to mention the gentlemen of some of the New York theatres, cannot be taught the art of elocution a little better.

Thanks are due to William Gillette for his decisive action in behalf of the comfort of theatre-goers who take their seats on time. The curtain at the Knickerbocker rises promptly, whether the seats are empty or full. This should be the rule in every theatre. The revival of "Sherlock Holmes" by Gillette is most satisfactory and is attracting crowded houses.

Duse, the great, had a superb welcome at the Victoria. This famous artist, regarded by many as the most eminent actress of her period, is always assured of a cordial greeting by those best qualified to appreciate the highest dramatic genius. The earnestness of her work, her profound attention to every detail of her art, her fine elocutionary attainments, as well as her graceful acting, give her a charm that few possess. JASON.

Turks Again Persecuting Christians.

IT IS unfortunate that the world Powers that are so insistent upon preserving the integrity of this or that weak, rotten, and effete monarchy that curses and darkens some spot on the globe should not be able to inspire the tyrants who rule over these countries with a little integrity of another sort. This is apropos of the reports, now of frequent occurrence, of a renewed and growing persecution of the Christians by the authorities in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. It is to be hoped that our government, at least, will get prompt and accurate information from its agents as to what is going on, and that resolute measures will be taken. At present we hear of justice being systematically denied to Christians in the courts, and generally of the paralyzing influence of the officials on their communal and private affairs, and things are steadily growing worse. Resentment against the attempts to initiate reforms after the Armenian massacres is said to be at the root of the present persecutions, as no doubt it is. The tiger whose lair is by the Bosphorus has not changed his stripes. Those who think so should read his biography, written by a former member of his court and recently published in this country. The actual truth of the matter is, a more cruel and bloodthirsty despot has not lived since the days of Nero and Caligula than the present Sultan of Turkey.

BRACES the nerves, builds up the blood, strengthens every way—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.



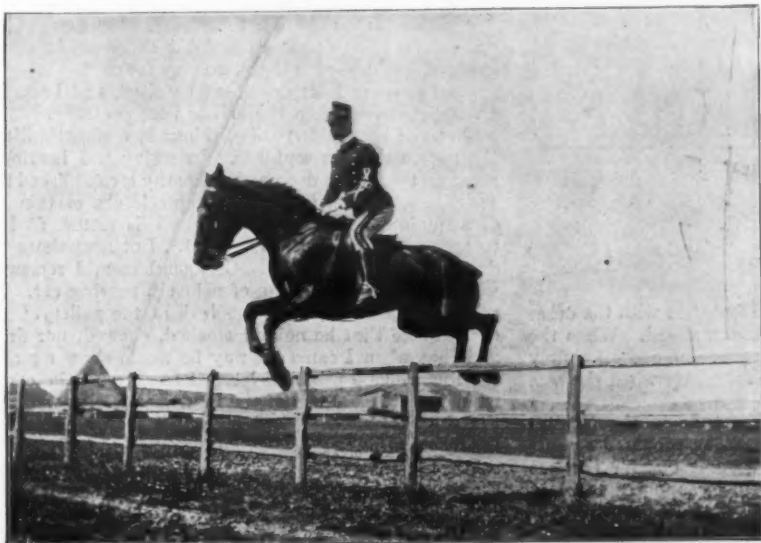
BADLY SEATED RIDER TAKING A HEAVY CROPPER.



MARVELOUS FEAT OF AN ITALIAN MILITARY OFFICER—RIDING DOWN A CLIFF ON HORSEBACK.



CLEARING A STONE-WALL WITH A MIGHTY BOUND.



GOING OVER A FENCE WITH THE EASE OF A BIRD.



EQUESTRIENNE'S STEED VAULTING OVER A BIG OBSTACLE.



LOFTY LEAP OF A POWERFUL HUNTER.



PRANCING HORSE CARRYING SKILLFUL HORSEMAN.



UP IN THE AIR AND SAILING TOWARD THE MOON.

FEATS OF EXPERT HORSEMEN.

VENTURESOME ITALIAN JUMPERS, PRACTICING DARING FEATS.—Photographed by Pietro Sblsa, of Rome, with the Goers lens.

A Famous Singer's Stories about "On the Stage and Off"

By Zelig de Lussan

EVERY SINGER has a collection of amusing experiences, but the trouble of it is that, while away from the stage one has the advantage sometimes of being able to give way to laughter, on open scene no such happy chance presents itself. To make things still more aggravating in this latter situation, funny things seem bound to happen at the gravest moments, moments when the slightest touch of the humorous would turn tragedy into laughter.

The very worst of these that I recall happened in a "Carmen" presentation, in the final tragic scene between *Don José* and *Carmen*. The lighter moments of the opera and gradual development of the tragedy had gone without a ripple to break the performance. Had anything happened earlier we might have been on our guard to meet humorous episodes, for on the stage, as everywhere else, misfortunes never come singly. The scene arrived where *Don José*, heartbroken and desperate, comes back to beg the woman who has ruined his life to return to him, and, mad at her refusal, stabs her. In that critical moment, with its swift action and passionate music, what do you think happened? *Don José's* wig caught in the buttons of my sleeve, and to make things more unfortunate, his hair was sparse. A gesture, a movement, no matter how slight, and the youthful luxuriance of *José's* curls would have dangled from my waist. The music was beating relentlessly on; a pause, however short, was impossible. Have you ever thought what advantage actors in the spoken drama have over singers? They may delay, may pause, may act in silent pantomime until the memory of the situation is recovered. But in the case of the singer the baton of the conductor beats on, a little black imp that knows no rest, and gives us none into the bargain.

That night, to save the scene was the one thought dominant. Not a moment was left for reflection. "Come," gasped *Don José*, darting between the curtains of the tent where the bull-fight was supposed to be in progress. I strode after with raised arm to avoid the catastrophe of scalping him. All the time we were singing as if our lives depended upon it. There was a swift wrench. He was free! Back we went again, and the scene, which had not been broken for a moment, went forward. After *Carmen* had died that night and gone to her dressing-room, she found hanging from the buttons at her waist a tuft of *Don José's* once luxurious tresses.

Rehearsals, tiring as they may be, though the artist is generally cheerful to get the best opportunity to perfect himself in his rôle, give one a chance to indulge in a little fun. And how a little fun does bring sunshine to the darkest stage. We were rehearsing Verdi's "Otello," in which I created the rôle of *Desdemona* in English, and the moment had arrived for the cruel Moor to smother me. In that instant a London bobbie on duty at the theatre, and not knowing that the stage was set for dress rehearsal, peered in.

"Not yet!" I cried to *Otello*. "I'm saved! Here comes the bobbie."

Even the orchestra was convulsed, not to mention the bobbie, who had, doubtless, never expected to figure in Shakespeare.

In the cathedral town of York something less apropos happened, and in the public performance at that. The scenic resources of the theatre were none too rich, and

in the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet" I had to stand on a soap-box placed behind the pictured railing that the audience saw. As the music grew more impassioned I stepped on a weak spot in my pedestal, and through went one foot with an accompaniment of crack-



Copyright by Dupont.

Zelig de Lussan

ing wood. That foot stuck quite fast, but with the other safely on the ledge of the box I sang ahead. When the time came for *Juliet* to leave the touching scene I simply sat down on the soap-box, and raised up when she was again needed in the music.

At some theatres of this same type in the English provinces I found it always wise to be prepared against surprises. One night, I know, I came out for the last act of "Carmen," which is, of course, supposed to be in Seville—and what do you think I saw? Chester Cathedral, and in the side wings a shop over which was flaringly painted the sign, "Jones, Baker." But it is not only that which happens behind the footlights, but in front of them, which tends to upset the poor singer. Never shall I forget the night that some kind admirers, whom

I did not know, brought me a big basket of flowers that caused all parties distinct embarrassment. They sat in an upper box, and every movement was quite visible to the audience; certainly a disquieting state of things considering what followed. When an aria of mine would come they would lift up the basket in the middle of it, rest it conspicuously on the box rail, and then take it down. Presently it would bob up again, and again disappear, the donors evidently deciding not to present it just yet. This went on for half the performance until I had an uncomfortable feeling that the people in the parquette were making bets as to when I should get it—if at all. Suddenly it shot downward, missed the stage, and landed with a lunge in the lap of a violin player. How the audience applauded! And I am not certain to this day whether it was because the donors had at last made up their minds to part with the basket or because I finally got it.

Once, at a country fair in France, I strayed with some friends into a booth where a pantomime was announced for performance. A nurse and two children made up the audience when we arrived. We waited and we waited. The curtain still dropped its limp folds on the stage boards, and there was no sign of its eventually rising. Going to a side curtain leading behind the scenes, I interviewed my colleagues.

"Why don't you begin?" I asked.

"The accompanist has gone to tea," came the answer.

"I will play in his place," I proposed.

"But you don't know when to stop and when to begin," was the reply, in a tone of mild rebuke.

Remembering the nurse and the two children in the audience, I felt ashamed of my forgetfulness of professional etiquette. But the next words lightened my conscience.

"You see we want our tea, too. But if many people come and we don't get it, and the accompanist doesn't get back, we'll be glad if you do play for us."

So I went and sat down—and waited, and knew how an audience felt when the artists were contrary.

Not the least entertaining things in a singer's life are the letters she has sent her. In seeing and hearing an artist on the stage a degree of sympathy is established that, I suppose, makes the auditor appreciate a certain kind of acquaintance with the singer. This seems, at least, to account for many letters I get. But sometimes they do seem a little personal. One gentleman, I remember, wrote: "You remind me of a lovely purring cat. You come on the stage and never look at the gallery." Another wrote that he neither smoked, chewed, nor drank, and that when I came his way he would show me about the town. One practical letter I recall, and the compliment it contained was of the kind that is always dear to the singer's heart. I had given the man a pleasure in life by my songs, and he wrote me a letter of advice. He said he knew singers were a careless, frivolous, spendthrift lot of people, and that I ought to save my money. Following was a list of safe investments that he recommended, bearing three per cent. interest. "You have given me some happy hours that I shall never forget," he said in conclusion. "Perhaps as a man of experience I have given you some advice that will be useful."

And did I take it? Who knows? Perhaps I did.

A Notable Example in Civic Duty.

IT HAS often been a source of just and well-founded complaint that men of large wealth in this country pay too little attention to their civic and political duties, many of them not exercising even their right to vote. It was not many years ago that on the occasion of a critical election in New York City it was found on investigation that only fifteen votes were cast by the electors in a mile of brownstone fronts on a fashionable up-town avenue. This neglect of the commonest public duties is felt, perhaps, more keenly in the suburban communities surrounding all large cities, the saying here being that men of wealth and fashion only make a sleeping room of such places and take no interest whatever in local concerns, religious, social, political, or educational.

A refreshing and noteworthy exception to what we believe to be the rule in such matters occurs in the case of Mr. Adrian Iselin, Sr., and his sons, all of whom are well known in business and financial circles in New York, and who together are worth many millions. The Iselins have their country homes and voting residence at New Rochelle, on the sound, a few miles from the metropolis. Here they have been known for years not only for their intelligent and conscientious exercise of their citizenship rights in every detail, but also for the equally conscientious and generous interest which they manifest in everything that concerns the development and progress of the town and the well-being of the community, and their quiet, modest, and unostentatious manner of life. During the past fifteen years the members of this family have given to local churches and schools nearly half a million dollars, and an immense sum besides, in the total, to such institutions as the Young Men's Christian Association of the town and to local charities and philanthropies. No worthy and well-approved cause of local benefit appeals to them in vain. The elder Iselin for years maintained at his own expense a model street through the centre of the town as a standing object-lesson in highway improvement.

More noteworthy still, perhaps, as an illustration of their interest in the civic affairs of New Rochelle, was the work undertaken within the past year by Columbus

Iselin, one of the sons, in bringing to light the corrupt and extravagant management of the city's finances by a local administration modeled on Tammany lines. To accomplish this, Mr. Iselin, at his own initiative as a citizen and taxpayer, and at his own expense, brought to the town a corps of the most expert accountants in the United States and set them to work on the town books turned over to him by the officials of a new and honest administration. It required months of hard and continuous service to get at the facts and figures in all the muddle into which two years of studied crookedness and wilful stupidity had thrown them, and to put them into coherent shape and where their true meaning and significance could be understood by all the people. The results of this investigation were finally published a few months ago by Mr. Iselin in a neat pamphlet, a copy of which was furnished free to every voter and taxpayer in New Rochelle.

No comment whatever accompanied the publication; it was simply a putting together in a systematic and tabulated form of the figures showing how the finances of the town had been administered during the two years of the local Tammany government. These figures interpreted themselves and told their own story so plainly that he who ran might read. It is not known how much this expert investigation cost Mr. Iselin, but it is believed that it could not have been less than \$20,000. The example is well worth recording for the possible inspiration it may give to wealthy citizens in other communities suffering, as did New Rochelle, from the rule of vicious, incapable, and dishonest men. The pity is that there are not enough men of the Iselin fibre to go around.

A Tramping Bishop.

BISHOP LEIGHTON COLEMAN, of the Episcopal diocese of Delaware, is a man who believes that the surest and most direct way to get at the masses of the people and know their needs and how to meet them is to go down among the people and live their life, as near as may be, and see for yourself. Every year the bishop dons a rough suit of clothes and starts on an expedition out somewhere in some remote region away from the

beaten routes of travel. His latest tour was two hundred miles in the mountains of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, all on foot. He travels incognito, stopping over night wherever he finds it most convenient, and mingling with all sorts of people. The result of years of these experiences has been to make the worthy bishop of Delaware one of the broadest, most far-sighted and great-hearted men in the ranks of his profession.

New Coffee

FOR THE U. S. ARMY.

SOME soldiers are badly affected by coffee drinking. The Hospital Steward in one of the Army Posts in the West, says: "Though in the medical service of the Army, I suffered agony for two years from a case of chronic gastric indigestion, and now that I am free from all the tortures attendant upon it, I attribute it to the good effects of Postum Food Coffee, both as a food and as a beverage. "I used medicinal and mechanical means to relieve myself during those two years and even though I had left off the use of coffee, I did not find myself in any measure free until I had commenced using Postum."

"Being in charge of a detachment of the Hospital Corps, U. S. A., I, of course, had supervision of the mess, and by degrees I have initiated into using Postum, every member of the mess, some of whom were formerly very loud in their denunciation of anything 'manufactured.' And, going still further, I have supplied it to our patients in lieu of coffee; none have found fault, while many have praised it highly, and when returned to duty, have continued the use of it when it was possible, for a soldier has an extremely hard time in trying to choose his own food."

"For the past eight months, not a grain of coffee has been used in this Hospital, and—thanks to a cook who prepares Postum just right—there is a brilliant prospect of coffee taking a permanent seat in the background."

"One who has passed through the horrors of indigestion as I have, shudders as he looks back upon his sufferings and when cognizant of the cause, will shun coffee as he would a 'attlesnake.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

Educating Awkward Sea Lions and Seals

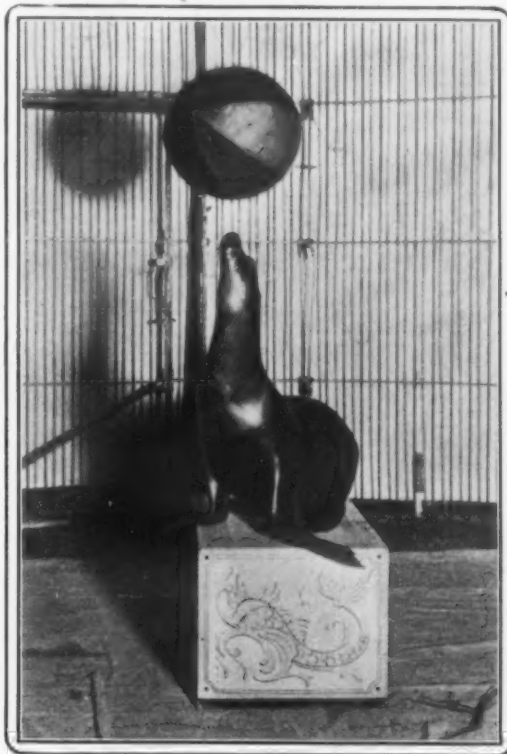
By Oliver Shedd

A HALF dozen slippery, shapeless seals and sea lions floundering about on the stage, croaking and barking—and doing some very wonderful things besides—do not seem in the least dangerous or formidable, but there is hardly anything more painful and serious than the bite of one of these curious beasts. Mr. Charles Judge, who has trained them for years and has a company of them in the Hagenbeck show, is badly scarred from the attacks of these peculiar half land-animals, half fish. The bite of the sea lion is poisonous; besides, it is an ugly wound from the manner in which it is inflicted. Although the creature moves painfully and slowly on land, the motion of its head and neck is extremely quick. The neck seems to have an almost elastic quality. One is surprised at its reach. The sea lion is like a bulldog. When he has caught hold he does not let go at once, but sets his teeth firmly in the flesh. Then he twists his head, the teeth being still embedded in the flesh; and without relinquishing his grip he gives a quick jerk. The result is to pull out a ragged piece of flesh, if the animal has gotten a deep hold.

The seal's method of attack is different. He snaps like a collie and is, therefore, not so dangerous as his big brother. The seal in Germany is called the sea hound or dog. His bark is the same, which is probably the most conspicuous likeness. The big brother has in him more of the lion. His mode of expression is a roar, and he is stronger, bigger, and more ferocious than the seal. They attack a man, however, in substantially the same way, striking at his legs or stomach. And no one excepting the man who has trained seals and sea lions appreciates the peril there is in it, particularly at the beginning of the course. Mr. Judge ("Alaska" on the programme) says that no one ever attempted to train a full-grown sea lion, because of the great risk there would be in it. The instruction begins always when the animal is young and before it has reached its growth. It is individual teaching and nothing else. A horse or an elephant, or even a lion, the trainers say, will follow the example of others of his species which have been thoroughly tamed and taught. They are to a certain extent imitative, and conduct themselves under new circumstances and in new surroundings as they see others of their kind doing. But each sea lion or seal requires a special and individual course of training.

This fact impresses upon one the wonderful patience of the man who trains these beasts to the skill which they possess. Among the most remarkable feats of the troupe which obeys the signals of Mr. Judge are the juggling and balancing. One sea lion tosses to another a clown's cap. The other catches the cap on his nose and tosses it back. Another beast of the same awkward tribe balances a large ball on the end of its nose and throws it up in the air continually, without allowing the ball to fall to the floor. Another tosses and turns about in the air

a lighted torch—and lighted at both ends, by the way—catching the flaming thing repeatedly in its mouth and not dropping it until the command to do so comes from the master. These feats are the most difficult for this



REMARKABLE SKILL OF THE JUGGLING SEA LION.

water beast to learn. Mr. Judge told me recently how he went about teaching a sea lion to be a juggler.

"The first thing you have to teach one of these chaps," said Mr. "Alaska," "is to come out of the water. Whenever he sees anything unusual in which he thinks there may be danger the sea lion plunges under the water. You have no idea how hard it is to get him out. It has to be done by coaxing him with fish. If there are several of the animals in the tank, I call each by name as I try to tole him out with a fish. It is necessary to keep this up a great many days in some cases—calling the sea lion by name and giving him a fish when he comes out of the water. This has to be done until it becomes a habit with

the animal, so that when he hears his name called, involuntarily he leaves his pool.

"Then I take the sea lion into a room and begin teaching him. We go by ourselves so that we won't be disturbed, and sit hour after hour together, a private school. I am just teaching Charley, over there, to toss the ball. He's a hard one to handle, too. The first thing I did with him was to drop the ball on his head." The ball spoken of was of leather, very light, and nearly a foot in diameter.

"Charley dodged it at first and tried to get away," continued Mr. Judge. "You notice he doesn't do it now. I kept tossing it at him over and over again, hours at a time and day after day as we sat alone together. Finally he began to hit it with his nose instead of turning his head to one side and allowing the ball to strike his body. But he didn't toss it up and catch it again as he will do later. He simply struck it with his nose and knocked it away from him as far as he could.

"I sit close to him and catch the big ball when he hits it, immediately tossing it back again. If you should follow his training as I will you would see that he seems to comprehend that whenever the ball strikes his nose it is to come back again, and he begins to do his part to bring that about.

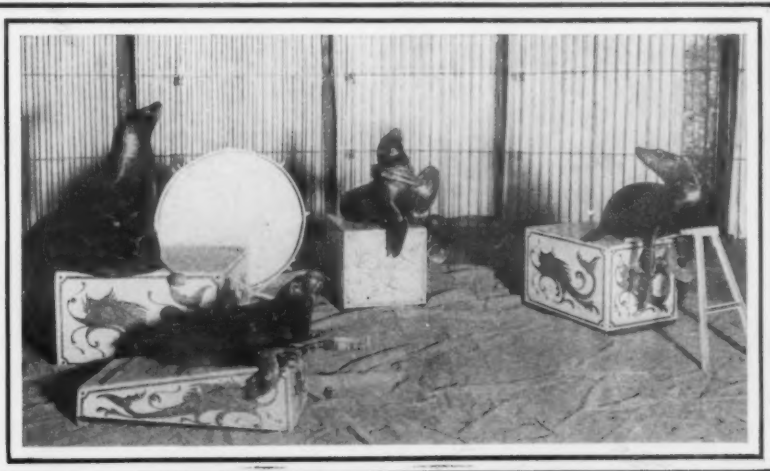
"It will take about six months of almost daily practice to get the sea lion to understand this. When he has learned it, the next thing is to get him to perform whenever you want him to. These are the two things—the training and the execution. In the training it will never do to use a whip or punishment of any sort. The simple reason is that it would distract the sea lion from what he is doing. Instead of having his eyes on the ball he would be watching the trainer's whip. The thing is to make the animal repeat over and over again the same action until it becomes a habit, so that whenever you toss the ball at him he knows what to do with it. If he is a little stubborn then, you may have to remind him to be up and doing. Sea lions and seals have a good deal of affection. They will do more, I think, through friendship than through fear. Yet they differ in dispositions.

"One of the best seals I ever had—I mean one of the best performers—was so ugly that it was dangerous to go near him. He would perform his tricks without a break, but he had no affection to give away. Other seals are as gentle as babies. They are hard animals to keep, for they are very susceptible to sickness. Your seal will be, to all appearances, in a perfectly healthy condition, active and eating his food as usual; and then in an hour he will be dead. And you won't know what killed him. Nobody seems to know much about the diseases of seals. Not long ago I lost five seals and sea lions at once. They all died, I think, from colds. Such accidents as this make

Continued on page 503.



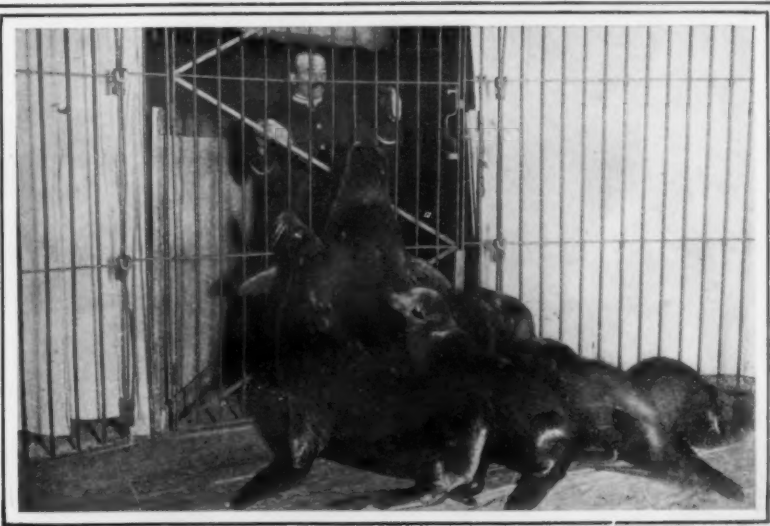
OPENING INSTRUCTIONS AS THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS.



THE SEAL BAND IN THE THROES OF THEIR "MUSIC."



A SENTIMENTAL SEA-LION SERENADE.



ANXIOUS FOR THE EXIT, FOR A FISH-DINNER FOLLOWS.



JOLLY JACK TARS RETURN FROM SHO
OFFICER OF THE DECK ON THE FLAG-SHIP "KFAPGARGE" PUZZLED BY THE QUES
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by T. D.



OM SHORE LEAVE WITH NUMEROUS PETS.

Y THE QUESTION OF WHAT TO DO WITH ALL THE NEW MASCOTS BROUGHT ABOARD.

Weekly by T. Dart Walker. See page 480.



MR. DODSON, AS HE APPEARS
OFF THE STAGE.
Biograph.



AS "JOHN WEATHERBEE" IN
"BECAUSE SHE LOVED
HIM SO."—*Sarony.*



"RICHELIEU" IN "UNDER
THE RED ROBE."
Copyright, 1897, by Falk.



"CAPTAIN WARRENER" IN
"MIRANDA OF THE BAL-
CONY."—*McIntosh.*



"SIMONIDES" IN THE LONDON
PRODUCTION OF "BEN-
HUR."—*Langner.*

J. E. Dodson on the Deceptive Art of "Make-up"

By Eleanor Franklin



"GUNNION" IN "THE SQUIRE."
Sarony.



THE "FIRST SISTER" IN "CIN-
DERELLA."—*Roger.*



"RADFORD" IN "ALL FOR HER."
Sarony.



"SCHAUMARD" IN "BOHEMIA."
Sarony.



"BARON CROODLE" IN "THE
MONEY SPINNER."—*Falk.*



THE DECREPIT "GUNNION" IN
"THE SQUIRE."—*Sarony.*



"DR. PENGUIN" IN "A SCRAP
OF PAPER."—*Falk.*



"HON. VERE QUECKETT" IN
"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS."
Downey.



"JAM" IN "THE QUEEN'S
SHILLING."—*Sarony.*



"JOHN BRAINARD" IN "AN
AMERICAN INVASION."

WITH POWDER puff, hare's foot, paint stick and pencil, to say nothing of rouge-pots, cosmetic spoons, orange sticks, curled hair, wigs, false beards, nose-putty and the thousand and one other things which bestrew an actor's dressing table—it is with these he brings about each change in the many-colored life he lives. With these and an India-rubber personality, perhaps, which can be stretched to fit any character he may be called upon to portray. Yes, perhaps—and perhaps not; usually "not," one is sorry to admit—but that is a detail to come to in the discussion of the evolution and importance of the art of theatrical make-up.

"Yes, I know, but why don't you have one made of papier-maché or something, so you wouldn't have all that trouble every night?"

Mr. Dodson laughed and gave his putty nose a vicious tweak which turned him into the most grotesque figure imaginable.

"Not a bad idea!" he said. "Why not have a whole face of papier-maché? What a deal of bother it would save and how natural and flexible the effect would be."

"No; but really, don't you find that rather an arduous task every night of your life, to say nothing of matinees?"

He was squeezing his nose back into classic lines and his voice in consequence took on a nasal twang as he answered.

"Oh, I don't know. It's a part of the business."

Just so! It is part of the business and until Mr. Dodson granted me this little heart to heart talk on the subject, I didn't half realize how important a part. And yet not so very important a part either, one might contend, since Garrick, Macready, the Kembles, and their great contemporaries won undying fame in the sputtering glim of candle footlights and without the aid of either the costumer or this wonderful art of maquillage.

It is said that even during Phelps's day at Sadler's Wells in London—and that is not so long ago since Phelps but just preceded Irving in the history of the English stage—the actors in his supporting company, and they were the best of their generation, used to come into the theatre just before time for the rise of the curtain, take a little whitewash from the wall and spread it on their faces by way of a foundation powder, scrape some dust from a red brick for rouge, and burn a match with which to blacken their eyebrows or make any necessary lines, and amble forth into the "glare" of flickering candles and cover themselves with glory.

Now the question naturally arises, were they better actors than those of the present generation, or was the public less exacting in its demands? But it must be remembered that all this delightful inattention to artistic detail was before ye actor knew what it meant to stand in the searching glare of the calcium light. If the value of "make-up" materials had not been discovered before the era of electricity, the advent of the electric light would have proven the truth of the adage "necessity is the mother of invention," and the art would have developed in natural sequence. Did you ever see anybody without "make-up" on, standing in the lime-light? If Venus, Minerva, or Juno should step down from ancient mythology and fall into the clutches of Charles Frohman, as they undoubtedly would, you know, they would have to besmear their lovely features with modern "make-up" or be a great disappointment in a world where their reputation for marvelous beauty would have preceded them some centuries.

When grease paint was first invented or concocted or discovered, it was used only for the purpose of joining a bald wig on to the forehead so as to cover up the line and make it look natural. It was used first in the German theatres, and according to most authorities the honor of its invention belongs to one Carl Baudin, a member of the Leipziger Stadt Theater.

It seems most natural, doesn't it, that after a paint was made with which to join wigs to the forehead, any actor using it should discover that by spreading it on down over the face, he would have a fine foundation on which to lay his powders and rouge; and after this discovery the coloring of this same paint to produce any kind of complexion would seem

to follow naturally, would it not? But "make-up" is an art, and the mere possession of materials with which to work hardly ever makes a workman.

"Make-up," properly understood, covers the entire scope of dramatic representation or characterization. Mr. J. E. Dodson is without doubt past-master in this art, and presents the best possible illustration of what remarkable changes may be wrought in a human face by the clever application of grease paints and powders. When Mr. Dodson first announced to his family and friends his intention of adopting the dramatic profession he was laughed at, scoffed at, and discouraged to the greatest possible degree. He succeeded on the stage! Impossible! He was small and unprepossessing. He had at that time, so he says, a little voice of an unpleasant quality and he was without friends or influence in the ranks of the profession. And yet he might have been a perfect specimen of physical manhood, like some of the so-called "matinée idols," who cloy upon one so easily. He might have had the voice of the ideal Claude Melnotte and the face of Apollo; but without that which he does possess in his seemingly insignificant self, he never could have attained the success which crowned his ambition some years ago.

To be a successful anything in this busy world one must have a bit of impressionable gray matter behind one's eyebrows, and five wits kept keenly sensitive, through right living and right thinking, to every influence that may touch one. Who is it says "If you would know the world, look within yourself; and if you would know yourself, look about you"? Now the principal word in that bit of advice is look. Look, look and listen. We may all hear "voices" and know what is to know if we will listen.

We most of us look about and we look within ourselves. We know somewhat of life and we will not accept from those who seek to teach through the medium of books any automaton specimens of humanity without blood-vessels or vital organs. We must have known them, else we don't care to spend three hours in their society of an evening. That is why, when we are satisfied with a characterization, we so often exclaim, "How true to life!" Just so—"true to life"; and that must be the thought uppermost in the mind of the actor who seeks to portray humanity in its strongly drawn phases.

"How do you first begin to make up a character?" I asked Mr. Dodson.

"By finding the character in real life I wish to study."

There are few faces which lend themselves as readily to the art of make-up as does that of Mr. Dodson, as there are few minds capable of actually taking on or leaving off at will the peculiarities, the eccentric characteristics of the many and widely diversified types of humanity.

The importance of this mental conception of a character cannot be too strongly emphasized. An actor should know somewhat of the influences that may have been at work in the life he wishes to present to us. He must be able to feel and appreciate these influences and to reach his audience through this conception of the mental life of his character. This might seem to bring up the much-bruited question, "Should an actor feel what he is acting?" but that this question has been discussed at all seems to me to be due to the fact that every one approaches it from a distinct and individual standpoint, whereas there should be but two sides to a question and one of these should be the wrong side.

Every actor who has played a part successfully, knows he must feel a peculiar and intense sympathy for, and have a well-defined understanding of, the character he is personating, else he builds a stone wall between himself and his audience and becomes a mere automaton, speaking an author's lifeless words. Make-up is of first importance if the portrayal of a character, but not by any means of greatest importance. It is of first importance, because the actor appeals first to the eye of his audience. Let him first look the part and then be able to play it, but if he must lack either requisite to complete success let it be by all means the former. For how quickly we tire of an actor, however satisfactorily he may impress the eye, who lacks that subtle and indefinable quality which must appeal to the mind alone.



(PRIZE-WINNER.) SMILING BABY IN A BOWL, "A FAIR SIGHT TO SEE."
Clarence Newkirk, Pleasantville, N. J.



AMATEUR SURGERY
FOR "A THORN
IN THE FLESH."
Frank E. Foster,
Iowa Falls, Ia.



"ONE, TWO, THREE, LOOK OUT FOR ME."
Emma B. French, Parkplac, Ore.

TWO LITTLE FILIPINOS,
"THEIR EYES WITH
WONDER FILLED."
H. P. Cheek,
Cambridge, Mass.



IDOL OF THE HOME ON
HIS THRONE.
Anton Schatzel,
Binghamton, N. Y.



A CONFIDENTIAL
MOMENT.
C. M. Van Arsdale,
Chariton, Ia.



IN AT THE FINISH.
James O. Rogers, Dorsey, N. M.



FAREWELL TIDBIT FOR THE PET ABOUT TO BE SENT TO THE HORSE SHOW.
F. E. McIntyre, Pine Ridge Agency, S. D.

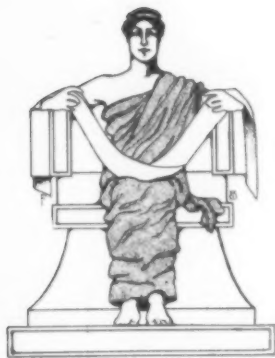
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW JERSEY WINS.

STRIKING PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE IN VARIED ASPECTS, CONTRIBUTED BY TALENTED AND EXPERT CAMERISTS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

Books and Authors

By La Salle A. Maynara



"HE CALLED to one of his passing warriors, said a few rapid words to him, and the latter, on the instant, raised his tomahawk and buried its blade in the head of the prostrate man. Then he bent over him, and with a yell of exulta-

tion tore off the scalp. Nor was that all, for a moment later two other warriors coming up, under orders from the first one, ripped open the body, cut out the heart, and divided it into a dozen pieces, one, as I afterward learned, for each of the tribes present." The foregoing is a passage from Burton Stevenson's latest story, "The Hermitage" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), the incident being one of the many savage and blood-curdling deeds committed by the Indians and their white allies in the massacre that followed the rout of General Butler's forces in the ill-starred expedition in northern Ohio a few years after the Revolution. The fiend who orders the commission of the particular atrocity narrated in the paragraph quoted is Simon Girty, the notorious renegade, and the victim is General Butler himself, who had fallen mortally wounded in the fight. The whole story is full of the sound of conflict, the breath of the trackless forests, and the romance of the wild and eventful life of the brave and hardy men who led the vanguard of civilization out over the prairies, the lakes, and forests of the West. While the story, located amid such scenes and at such a time, must necessarily have a sanguinary and adventurous flavor, it would be unjust to give the impression that it belongs to literature of the dime-novel order. On the contrary, "The Hermitage" is a piece of historic fiction above the average in skill of construction, in real interest, and genuine literary grace and charm.

IT HAS long been known that the present head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope Leo XIII., in addition to other rare attainments, had a genuine poetic gift, as evidenced by various productions in verse given to the world during the past few years. As these poems, however, have been composed in Latin or Italian, they have remained outside the range of the great mass of English readers until now, when we have a collection of them translated by Dr. Hugh T. Henry, principal of the Roman Catholic high school of Philadelphia, and published by the Dolphin Press of that city and New York. The first poem in the book was written in 1822, eighty years ago, a quarter of a century before, in days that now seem ancient history, Landor, in his classic letter, hailed the present pontiff's predecessor, Pius IX., as the saviour of society. But the next, "De Invalitudine Sua," is even more striking. At twenty the Pope despaired of long life, almost of life at all, so feeble was his health:

"Puber his denos Joachim vix ereis in annos,
Morborem heu quanta vi miser obrueris."

He confronted the prospect of an early death with Christian resignation and fortitude, and seventy years later was writing his remarkable "Ode to a New Country." The secret of his life, and the most beautiful thing in the book, is not a poem, but a short piece of prose composition—it is the vow which he made when he became Pope. We give it in English. In it he resolves—"For the rest of my life daily to offer the Sacred Host, and so cleave closer and closer to God, and with ever-increasing diligence to labor with watchful spirit to procure the eternal salvation of mankind."

ALMOST ANYTHING from the hand of Edgar Allan Poe is certain to have a wide reading nowadays, and more than ordinary interest attaches to the letters, written by him, recently brought to light and soon to be published by the Century Company. They were written to Dr. Chivers, a Southern poet, who was quite as erratic as Poe, and whose career was almost as remarkable. Along with Poe's own letters are to be presented in an early number of the magazine documents by Chivers concerning Poe. The material to be published is being carefully edited by Professor George E. Woodberry, the author of the best biography of the poet yet written. Apropos of Poe, I have on several occasions recently passed by the cottage at Fordham where that unhappy and ill-starred genius lived during the closing years of his life, and have been interested to note the changed and changing conditions of the neighborhood, now rapidly filling up with a fine class of suburban homes in the midst of pretty parks and noble boulevards. Immediately across the street from the cottage is Poe Park, a beautiful little breathing space adorned with groups of stately and ancient trees and lovely stretches of open lawn whereon, I am glad to see, are no impertinent and unnecessary "Keep off the grass" signs. In Poe's day this locality was "way off in the country," and it must have been a long and weary tramp for the poet to cover the distance between the cottage and the office of Griswold's magazine, near City Hall Park, where he performed so much excellent but thankless and ill-requited work. Thanks to a recent extension of the elevated road this distance of ten miles or more can now be made in a little over an hour.

ELLEN THORNYCROFT FOWLER'S latest book, "Fuel of Fire" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has to do chiefly with the fortunes of a young Englishman by the

name of Laurence Baxendale, whose ancestral home at Baxendale Hall is under a curse pronounced upon it some centuries before by a young woman falsely accused of witchcraft and burned at the stake, her dying malediction being put in these words:

First by the king and then by the State,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a thousand fold stronger and higher,
Shall Baxendale be made fuel of fire.

Twice in the course of time had the doleful prophecy pronounced by the dying victim of fanatical hatred and superstition come true. "First by the King and then by the State" had Baxendale been reduced to a heap of ashes, and then comes the period of this story when history repeats itself once more in the lives of Laurence Baxendale and Nancy Burton, the woman whom he loves. That is, it repeats itself so far as the fulfillment of the third part is concerned, the burning down of Baxendale Hall by means of a power "a thousand fold stronger and higher" than King or State, the heat of a midsummer sun. Laurence himself is suspected of firing the old mansion for the sake of the insurance money, and things look dark for him for a while, although Nancy's love and faith remain true and unshaken. At last the mysterious origin of the fire is discovered by a scientific expert, and all ends happily in the marriage of the devoted lovers and the lifting of the curse from Baxendale Hall, the prophecy having been fulfilled to the letter.

THERE ARE many excellent "take-offs" on current fiction in "Condensed Novels," the latest volume of the lamented Bret Harte (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), but none so good in my opinion as the skit, "The Stolen Cigar Case," in which Sherlock Holmes, who appears under the thin disguise of "Hemlock Jones," is made to figure in a light which must be somewhat disconcerting, to say the least, to Dr. Doyle, the creator of that remarkable individual, for the story winds up by severing the tie that binds the great discoverer of crime and criminals to the doctor who has hitherto served as the narrator of all his wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten deeds. In the course of proceedings in "The Stolen Cigar Case" we are told of a room in Hemlock Jones's apartment wherein are to be seen "small glass jars containing: earthy substances, labeled 'Pavement and Road Sweepings' from the principal thoroughfares of London, with the sub-directions 'for identifying foot-tracks.' There are several other jars labeled 'Fluff from Omnibus and Street-car Seats,' 'Cocoon Fibre and Rope Strands from the Matting in Public Places,' 'Cigarette Stumps and Match Ends from Floor of the Palace Theatre, Row A, 1 to 50.'" In the ending the astute and never-to-be-baffled Hemlock Jones proves to his own satisfaction that the real thief in the case is none other than the doctor himself, who is therefore taken "firmly by the ear" and thrust from the sight of the aforesaid Jones, never to return, even, we are led to infer, to tell another story.

WHILE ALGERNON SWINBURNE'S true place among the poets of his day is a question still open to discussion, it is the general agreement among good critics that in melodic sweetness, lyric beauty, and warmth of color, his verse has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the history of English literature. The gravest charge against him is that his poetry is often vague and meaningless, and that certain of his writings border close upon open sensuality. Mr. Swinburne lives at Putney, a suburb of London, in a house called "The Pines." Of later years he has lived in great retirement, neither seeking nor desiring the advertisements of the age. His great love is still the sea, though he lives far from it, and to this day nothing delights him more, it is said, than a good swim. He reads omnivorously, but his heroes have always been Victor Hugo and Walter Savage Landor. With the latter he spent some months at Florence just after leaving Oxford, and the memory of that happy time is always with him. Mr. Swinburne's income is said to amount to \$5,000 a year—not an enormous sum to be gained by a muse which, as E. C. Stedman says in his "Victorian Poets," "is in his hands like the violin of Paganini."

MRS. SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY, of Memphis, Tenn., whose new novel, "The Wooing of Judith," was published recently by Doubleday, Page & Co., had an amusing experience lately with her great-granddaughter. This may seem surprising to friends of Mrs. Kennedy, but she herself claims to be the great-grandmother of a friendly reader in Memphis. It fell in this wise: The woman of Memphis read Mrs. Kennedy's novel, "Joselyn Cheshire," a Revolutionary story laid in North Carolina. She was pleased with the heroine, in whom she recognized a revered ancestor, and wrote to the author of this interesting fact. She inherited, it seemed, among other things, many of Joselyn Cheshire's traits of character. Then Mrs. Kennedy replied to say that Joselyn was entirely the child of her imagination, and that, therefore, the descendant must be still more the author's descendant. But the contemporaneity of these disparate generations is rather unsettling—as the Idiot of "Coffee and Repartee" would not say—to certain minds.

ONE WHO bears a very close relation to William Stearns Davis, the author of three successful novels, the latest of which is "Belshazzar" (Doubleday, Page &

Co.), tells me that the first of these productions, "A Friend to Caesar," was accepted and in the hands of the publishers before the young author, then a student at college, knew that its publication was contemplated; surely a most remarkable incident in the history of authorship. The story was written by young Davis from a pure love of literary diversion and with no thought of immediate publication at least. He sent it home for perusal to his father, who, being himself a man of fine literary tastes, thought he saw in the story the evidences of real genius, an impression which was quickly confirmed when he forwarded the manuscript to a well-known firm of New York publishers, by whom it was accepted at once with a goodly sum in payment cash down. How different this experience was from that of many young and unknown authors with their first books one hardly needs to say.

ALFRED H. HENRY, whose novel, "By Order of the Prophet," is issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company, completes a trio of brilliant contributors to American letters, all of one family. Mary Henry Rossiter, his sister, has written a life of her mother that has gone to five editions, and there is now in press a work of collaboration entitled, "The Story of a Living Temple," a study of the human body, in which she joins effort with her husband, Dr. F. M. Rossiter. Mr. Arthur Henry, well known to the newspaper world of New York, has lately issued through McClure, Phillips & Co., "An Island Cabin." The mother of these three young authors during her life wrote several books, all of which attained a high place in their respective field of effort, and her influence is now making itself felt through her sons and daughter in the production of literature of the distinctively constructive sort.

UNTIL A long-felt want is filled and some author appears who can write stories for girls and boys with the abiding interest, sweetness, and charm of Louisa M. Alcott's work, the publishers of Miss Alcott's stories (Little, Brown & Co.) will continue to find a host of eager readers for successive editions of "Little Women" and "Old-Fashioned Girl," such as they have recently issued. The first is brought out with fifteen full-page illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens, and the second with twelve full-page pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any writer of future days can displace Louisa M. Alcott in the affections of the young, no matter how brilliant, original, and otherwise captivating he, or she, may be. It is certain that no writer of recent times, with the possible exception of Mary Mapes Dodge, has approached Miss Alcott's standard.

IT IS A fact not generally known that Neltje Blanchan, the author of that most charming of out-door books, "Bird Neighbors," is none other than the wife of Mr. Doubleday, one of the firm by whom the book is published. That Mrs. Doubleday is a close and sympathetic student of the lives of the people in "tree-top country," this work furnishes the best attestation. It has already run through several editions and is doubtless destined to appear in many more.

DAU'S "Society Blue Book" for Albany, Troy, and vicinity, handsomely printed and bound, is out for 1903. It maintains the reputation of this publishing house for careful and accurate work and is the most complete publication of its character that we have seen. Dau Publishing Company, 54 West Twenty-second Street, New York, publishers.

Made a Turn Over.

ANY ONE CAN DO IT.

A PRINCIPAL in a public school in Ohio had a food experience that will be familiar to many school teachers.

"The hard work of the school-room was so wearing that I was completely worn out and could barely walk home at night, and at other times I was so nervous that it was with much difficulty I ate or slept. I attributed my failing health to improper food, and felt that it would be necessary to quit my profession or get some food that would sustain my nerves.

"Fortunately enough at this juncture I discovered Grape-Nuts and am very grateful that I did. After using the food for a month I felt decidedly better and like a new man resurrected from the grave. The sluggish feeling, headache and nervous spells have all left me and I feel young and active.

"I can better concentrate my mind upon my work because my nerves have been strengthened and my health and energy have returned and I take interest in my work which before seemed a burden.

"I use Grape-Nuts every day because it is the best food for my system, has restored my health and I am correspondingly grateful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.





Mr. Woodruff. Mrs. Fiske. Miss Eytinge.
SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF MRS. FISKE'S MAGNIFICENTLY-MOUNTED PLAY, "MARY OF MAGDALA," AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE.
Henry Woodruff as Aulus Flavius, Mrs. Fiske as Mary, and Rose Eytinge as Rachel.—Byron.



MRS. FISKE
In her rôle of the Magdalen, one of the most exacting she has ever played.
Klein & Gutfenstein.



MRS. LE MOYNE
In Glen McDonough's play of social life, "Among Those Present," at the Garden.
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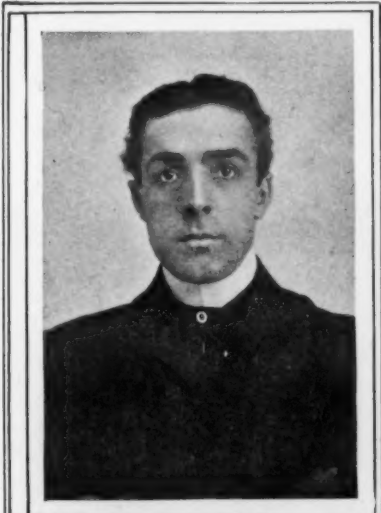
MARY MANNERING,
As she appears in her new play by Clyde Fitch, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine."—Marceau.



THE FIRST FLASH-LIGHT PORTRAIT OF DUSE EVER TAKEN.
Showing the famous tragedienne at the close of "La Gioconda," at the Victoria.—Byron.



THE YOUNG BOHEMIAN VIOLINIST, KOCIAN,
Called "The Paderewski of the violin," at Carnegie Hall, November 22d.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM,
Who appears at the Empire Theatre, the scene of many of his former successes, as the star in H. V. Esmond's new play, "Imprudence,"
Sarony.



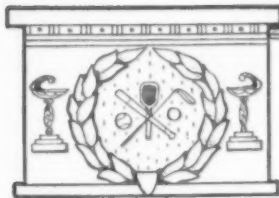
SCENE FROM "EVERYMAN,"
The remarkable Medieval play which has created profound interest at the New York Theatre.
Byron.



MISS FAY DAVIS,
The young American actress who has been so successful in London, appearing in New York for the first time as William Faversham's leading woman.—Sarony.

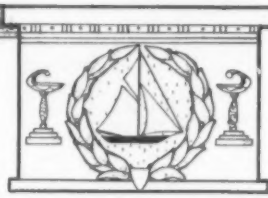
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In the World of Sports

FONDNESS FOR SPORTS INCREASING—BIG FOOTBALL EVENTS IN PROSPECT.
RACE-TRACK IRREGULARITIES.



SPORTING FEVER RAGING.—The football fever is raging at present as it probably never raged before in this country. The great college game, in the estimation of the college enthusiasts, has never been more popular than it has been during the present year. The rough-and-tumble field sport has simply held its own with other recreations and pastimes. The country at large is feeling the benefits of healthful outdoor recreations, and coming generations will be the better for it. It is not so many years ago that men of wealth and social position shrank from seeing their names mentioned conspicuously in connection with any sporting event. To-day one cannot pick up a publication and not find the leaders of the mechanical, social, business, and political worlds mentioned in some connection with some branch of sport. This is one of the reasons why the American people have taken to pastimes and recreations. Once interested, the value of open-air exercise becomes apparent, and it is only the foolish who go back to the old way of living. Even the faddists, though they flop from one sport to another, never quite get out of the sporting atmosphere. If one wishes to feel this sporting influence, all he has to do is to visit one of the great competitions in any of the large cities of the East or West. Or one can find it on any of the great boulevards in any of the big cities on any pleasant afternoon. The millionaire, the clerk, the baker, and the butcher are there in one guise or another, and everybody is enjoying himself. Even the slow-moving cob feels the sporting contagion and picks up his feet in livelier fashion than his wont. The hard-worked grocer's horse, hitched to the Sunday carriage and brushed up as he is only brushed up for the Sunday outing of his master, has forgotten his week of hard toil and steps out his prettiest. There are brushes between the fast steppers, and between those who can't travel so fast, but the spirit of competition is there. After seeing all this without being impressed the dyspeptic is indeed hopeless and there is no further chance for him in this land that was one of trials and troubles, but is now decidedly sporty.

COMING GREAT GRIDIRON BATTLES.—The eyes of the football world are focused at present on New Haven and Philadelphia, where the two great gridiron battles of the year are to be fought. Yale and Harvard meet at New Haven on November 22d, and the sturdy teams representing the army and the navy at Quakerstown one week later. Then the armor, face guards, and canvas jackets can be packed away, and the players will have a chance to try to straighten out their countenances so that their folks will again recognize them when they go to their respective homes to enjoy the holidays. The season as a whole has been replete with surprises, and while the critics are more or less confident that Yale will beat Harvard and that West Point will win from Annapolis, still the odds offered by some of the more enthusiastic are really not as large as have been stated in some quarters. Yale stock has not been quoted as high since her disappointing showing against West Point. The soldiers gave the sons of Old Eli about the biggest scare of recent years, and Trainer Murphy's men were played to a standstill and were satisfied at the end to break even with a score of 6 to 6. In this game alone a line is shown which would seem to make the West Point-Annapolis battle something of a cinch for the soldiers. Still football is a mighty uncertain game and the middies have had plenty of time to get into condition for the struggle. Harvard beat West Point, 14 to 6, and those figures are mightily reassuring to the sons of John Harvard. The Princeton-Cornell game proved to be one of the best of the year. Singularly enough, DeWitt won all the honors, for his two goals from the field were all that saved the Tigers. As a punter, the champion college weight-thrower seems to be in a class by himself this year. The game recalls that in 1899, when Cornell and Princeton had another sensational battle on the gridiron. George H. Young, called "Bobby" by the entire college, kicked a beautiful goal from the field at Ithaca,

in the last four minutes of the final half, and won the game for Cornell by the score of 5 to 0. "Bobby's" name has been in Cornell's sporting hall of fame ever since. While many players have been injured this season, it cannot be called a year of football fatalities. Considering the speed and fierceness of attack practiced this year, serious accidents have been remarkably scarce. This can be accounted for in a measure by the fact that the trainers and physical directors at the different universities have been closer students of physical development than before, and youngsters who would have been accepted as candidates in previous years, but really unable to stand the severe strain of football, have been rejected at the outset this year.

QUEER DOINGS ON RACE-TRACKS.—The racing season in the East comes to an end with the closing of the present meeting at Washington, which winds up on November 29th. Then the millionaire horsemen will retire their thoroughbreds to the farm for the winter, while the less fortunate owners will go to New Orleans or California, where the sport will be kept up all winter. Racing is today a perpetual sport, and there are some men who wager on the chances of the horses every week day, right through the year. This can be said of no other sport. With the ending of the racing in the East the well-wishers of the sport of kings are beginning to think that the Jockey Club has been entirely too lenient with evil-doers during the year. Admitting that a thoroughbred is a mighty uncertain animal to bet on, still reversals of form have been so frequent and flagrant, that it seems almost incredible that the stewards have not been more active. President Riley, of the Aqueduct track, tried to protect his patrons by giving an order to refuse entries from a certain stable in the future, but the stewards of the meeting failed to sustain him and established a bad precedent. The result was that some of the most glaring reversals of form immediately followed the action of the stewards. The members of the Jockey Club are men of wealth and position, and they have unquestionably done much for racing. Still, in the opinion of many, the Jockey Club makes a grievous blunder when it practically winks at fraud on the tracks, simply because its members believe the scandal will injure the sport. The stewards at each meeting should be paid regular salaries, and should not be allowed to have any financial interest in any stable racing at that particular track. Then their judgment would not be biased, and their rulings would be sure to give satisfaction. Lyne has proved himself to be about the best jockey of the year, while Redfern is unquestionably the best light-weight seen in many years.



KAFER (PRINCETON) HURDLING THE LINE IN THE RECENT PRINCETON-COLUMBIA FOOTBALL GAME.—Earle.

AUTOMOBILE LEGISLATION.—While nobody has any sympathy for the reckless driver of an automobile who gets into trouble, there is undoubtedly much ill feeling against the horseless vehicle for which there is no reason. The bright men in control of the various automobile clubs throughout the country realize this, and they have done much good work quietly to bring about different conditions. The case in Yonkers, where the driver of an automobile was hurried to jail, had his hair clipped and was otherwise treated like a criminal, seems to call for something more than an official apology. It was admitted that the trolley car ran into the automobile from the rear, and yet the driver of the motor vehicle was hustled to a cell and treated with as little ceremony as if he had been a bank burglar or a murderer. Drivers of automobiles have been stoned while driving through the streets of New York, Boston, and Chicago. All innovations are accepted slowly, but the auto's fight for recognition is becoming a severe one.

THE STABILITY OF HOCKEY.—The strenuous, scientific and spectacular game of ice hockey is bound to continue popular during the coming winter. The colleges have adopted the game with a zest which insures continued prosperity to the sport. Even at this early date, arrangements are being made for the amateur and intercollegiate championships. Yale turned out a good team last year and promises to have an even better one this year. The invasion of the Canadians during the winter will help to enliven the sport. Both the New York and Crescent athletic clubs will put strong teams in the field, and other cities East and West will do likewise. The rinks in New York and Brooklyn will open early in December, and the games will be continued up to April.

GEORGE E. STACKHOUSE.

Sporting Queries Answered.

W. G. G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Animals are not supposed to be raced in this country until they are two-year-olds. Still many have raced as yearlings. Rosetint won several races before she was fully two years old. Onward Silver, who created a new two-mile trotting record recently, is credited with being artificially bred.

M. C. K., PHILADELPHIA.—We never had a professional football league of the sort you mention. An association league was formed in 1894, but it lasted only a few months. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Washington, and Pittsburgh furnished the teams, and all lost money.

R. E. O., PHILADELPHIA.—Small game is said to be unusually plentiful this fall in Virginia and North and South Carolina. Comparatively few of the farms are posted. It is, however, best to obtain permission before shooting in a strange country.

Y. E. R., CHICAGO.—Lead pads are placed in the saddle to make up the required weight which the horse is supposed to carry. If any of those pads slip out during a race the horse can be disqualified, even if it won by a city block.

M. A. L., LOUISVILLE.—The minor leagues have a national board of arbitration for the settlement of all baseball controversies. The smaller leagues are neutral in the fight between the National and American Leagues.

J. A. L., MASSACHUSETTS.—James R. Keene did not issue a statement regarding betting. He merely said that there was too much heavy plunging on the turf and consequent notoriety of a sort not desirable.

G. E. S.

Lie Awake Nights?

A SIMPLE, PLEASANT REMEDY.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, taken just before retiring, quiets the nerves, nourishes the body, and induces refreshing sleep. Its benefits are lasting.

Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send for book "Babies," 71 Hudson Street, New York.

TIME, said Franklin, is the stuff of life. Telephone service saves time. *Verb. sap.* Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from \$48 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 W. 38th St.



WEEKS (MICHIGAN) PASSING THE BALL TO JONES FOR FIVE-YARDS' GAIN IN MICHIGAN-WISCONSIN GAME—LATER, STAND AT LEFT COLLAPSED, WITH 1,500 PERSONS, MANY BEING HURT.—Wright.



SHANNON (WEST POINT) PASSING THE BALL IN YALE-WEST POINT GAME ON NOVEMBER 1ST, A HOT CONTEST, IN WHICH THE SCORE WAS TIED—SIX TO SIX.—Burton.



A Dainty Sip
15
CHARTREUSE
—GREEN AND YELLOW—

AND A FITTING FINALE TO
THE BEST OF DINNERS. IT
DELIGHTS AND ENRICHES
SOCIAL HOSPITALITY

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
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TO CALIFORNIA OVER THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.
A beautiful book of 208 pages, profusely illustrated with pen drawings by McCutcheon and others, describing the delights of a trip to winterless California over the SANTA FE on the luxurious California Limited, through picturesque New Mexico and Arizona. This book and a pamphlet about Grand Canyon of Arizona mailed for 10 cts. Address Gen. Pass. Office A. T. & S. F. R'y, Chicago.

MORPHINE

I should like to hear from all who want to be cured of morphine or opium habit. I can cure you as I have myself and more than 200 others, whose names you may have for the asking; not by suffering or any foolish notions of will power that never did nor never will cure this habit, but by a painless method, and after every taint of opium has been driven from the system. I will treat you fairly and honestly, and guarantee to cure you for a stated sum of money. Address

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

of trade and finance operate on certain fundamental principles, which are quite as inexorable as the laws of science. The successful man in business or in speculation is the one who realizes this fact and who watches with a practiced eye for the first indications of changing conditions. The man who loses on Wall Street is the one who believes anything and everything that he hears or sees, who is willing to take his chances, and who is therefore plucked on all sides by men without either scruples or conscience.

Let me again renew my warning that, as the demands of labor all along the line for increased compensation are pushed, and the cost of production of American commodities is increased, we shall be placing a premium on the importation of the cheaper-made products of foreign competitors. Germany, for instance, which has been suffering from an industrial reaction and financial depression, ever since 1900, is building its highest hopes of recuperation on an extension of its markets in the United States, and is steadily increasing its exports to this country. I predict that we must pass through a like experience. Dull times fall upon us, not for a month or a year, but for a period of several years. We must then find an outlet for our surplus products in other markets. To compete with cheap foreign labor we must reduce the cost of manufacture, and that inevitably means a reduction of wages, and, in the present temper of the working masses, it means serious trouble all along the line. Recollecting what President Roosevelt has attempted to do in the coal-mine strike, an appeal no doubt will be made to him, whenever another industrial crisis occurs. He must be powerless, for neither law nor custom gives him authority to act. Suppose that another great coal strike should occur in 1904, the presidential year, and that an appeal should be made to the President to interfere in behalf of labor interests. What would be the result on the political situation? To be sure, 1904 seems a long way off. And yet it is only about thirteen months distant. Meanwhile, what is there in sight to uplift the market? What is there to prevent a further decline?

"K." Rochester, N. Y.: Do not advise the purchase.

"J. K. K." Danville, N. Y.: The change looks advisable.

"R." Chaseburg, Wis.: (1) No. (2) Not an investment.

"W." Brooklyn: Prefer the first named, but neither is strictly an investment.

"Cobco." Norfolk: I do not believe in the Consolidated Wireless Telegraph and Telephone stock as an investment.

"S." Sheridan, Ill.: (1) It is a speculative mining proposition with good backing. (2) I do not regard it as such. (3) No.

"C. H. H." Mobile: Unless the money market improves, possibilities favor a lower, rather than a higher market, before New Year's.

"Oglethorpe": On the statement of the institution, the shares are selling for all that they are worth. This is not a good time to buy.

"B." Louisville, Ky.: Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred, on its earnings, is about as reasonable as anything. I would not sacrifice it at present.

"R." Raleigh, N. C.: The reported bituminous trust may eventuate, but this is a bad time for new industrial propositions, even if financed by Mr. Morgan.

"Montana": The situation depends, in my judgment, on what affiliations the Republican party may continue to have. They dominate the situation, as it is viewed here.

"Extra." Montana: (1) The Globe-Boston is

considered only as a fair prospect. What is being done with it I do not know. (2) I have not sufficient knowledge to recommend it. (3) It is speculative.

"K." Syracuse: The price, I am told, has fallen because of realizations by insiders, who found the bonds not accepted as the best collateral at the banks. It is impossible to ascertain the earnings of the company, as no report is available.

"N. V. L., No. 45": I would not sacrifice my Amalgamated at present. The general belief is that the stock has been picked up by Standard Oil interests during the recent severe decline and that ultimately they will put it higher, but you will have to be patient.

"A." Bridgeport: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. Ordinarily, it would be well to even up the price, as you suggest, but you must remember that an assessment will probably be levied on Bicycle common, and you must be prepared to meet it.

"K." Richmond: While many are advising the purchase of Southern common, it has had such a tremendous advance, having sold a year ago as low as 19, that I am inclined to believe it cannot go much higher, unless some new deal to benefit it is brought out by the Morgan interests. The money market is against new deals.

"B." Wilmington, Del.: (1) The competition of Western beet sugar with the American Sugar Company's products may not be serious, but is sufficient to lead to a cut in prices. (2) Louisville and Nashville showed a large increase in gross receipts last year, aggregating nearly \$2,700,000, but the net increase was scarcely \$20,000. This shows how heavily the expenses of our railroads are being increased.

"J." Springfield, Mass.: (1) The earnings of Union Pacific, as reported, apparently justify an increase of dividends, but the entire market is too high. If I had a profit, I would take it. (2) Canadian Pacific at 140, considering the enormous rise it has had from 87 last year, looks high enough. (3) Illinois Central has an investment quality. I would not sacrifice at present, but I would not wait too long. (4) Tennessee Coal and Iron reports increasing earnings, but the condition of the iron trade does not justify the hope that these earnings will continue next year. (5) Southern preferred is a dividend-payer and doing well. If you have a profit, I would take it.

Continued on following page.

New Railroads in Indo-China.

BY PRESIDENTIAL decree, promulgated on July 25th, the government of Indo-China is authorized to realize by means of a loan the sum of 70,000,000 francs (\$13,510,000) for the purpose of constructing railroads in the French colony named. The loan is permitted under the terms of the law of December 25th, 1898, which provided for a maximum issue of bonds to the amount of 200,000,000 francs (\$38,600,000), to be sold under terms to be fixed by presidential decree. As the Governor-General of Indo-China has considerable latitude in the matter of conceding the exploitation as well as the construction of the railroad enterprises now in hand, this subject is not only important on its financial side, but suggests openings for American builders and furnishers.

The Story of a Successful Oculist.

A very handsomely bound and illustrated book entitled "EYE DISEASES CURED WITHOUT SURGERY" has just been published by Oren Oneal, a noted Chicago oculist. The book treats very comprehensively and illustrates very accurately nearly every one of the hundred or more diseases which attack the eye. It is a valuable addition to Dr. Oneal's already well-known medical works.

A very interesting story is told regarding the discovery of the Oneal Dissolvent Method some twenty years ago. At that time Dr. Oneal was a young physician with a general practice, making a specialty of eye diseases. He had an unutterable horror of surgery in the treatment of eye diseases, believing it to be unnecessarily barbarous and cruel. It was this feeling which led to the discovery of the Oneal Dissolvent Method. It required some time to perfect the treatment, but he finally succeeded, and to-day there is no form of eye trouble that it will not successfully combat if any sight remains and the treatment is given a fair trial.

A notable cure which Dr. Oneal effected when he first perfected his treatment was one which put it to the severest test imaginable. It was in 1885 that Peter King, of Dyersburg, Tennessee, was brought to Dr. Oneal. He was then 42 years of age and had been totally blind through cataracts since he was 7 years old. It only required three months for Dr. Oneal to restore his sight.

Any one who is afflicted with eye trouble may write Dr. Oneal, or call on him at his office, 157-52 Dearborn St., Chicago. He does not charge anything for his advice.

The book which was the occasion of the article is also given free to any one who writes or calls, and if you have any form of eye trouble we suggest that you secure a copy.

For coughs and colds, the best remedy is Piso's Cure for Consumption.

On the golf links a drink of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne will improve your playing wonderfully.

Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

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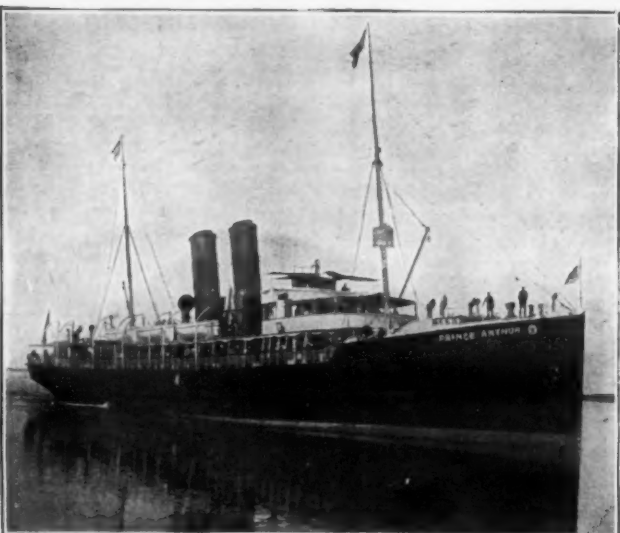
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A feature of the cruise will be short stops at Martinique and St. Vincent, the scenes of the most disastrous volcanic eruptions in recent years; also at St. Thomas, and on the return trip stops will be made at Kingston, Jamaica, Santiago de Cuba and Nassau. The cost of this trip varies from \$100 to \$250 per person, according to location of berth. The ticket includes meals, stateroom and all service, including landings at all ports of call, where landings can be made in the ship's launch. The "Prince Arthur" was built expressly for strictly first-class passenger service, and is a model of her kind. She is lighted throughout by electricity and ventilated in the most modern manner. The sanitary arrangements are all that money can provide, and the furnishings, while costly are in remarkably good taste. The staterooms are large and airy, so that in all weathers the expensive shade decks enable passengers to promenade with comfort. A physician will accompany the trip. For any further information, full itinerary, tickets, etc., address

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Life-insurance Suggestions

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be enclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

A GRATEFUL reader writes to thank "The Hermit" for an answer to an inquiry made nearly a decade ago. It was in reference to the order of the Iron Hall, then perhaps the strongest, most aggressive, and assertive of the so-called fraternal insurance orders. In answer to the inquiry at that time, I said that, in spite of the apparent prosperity of the order, it could not survive, because its system was unbalanced, unbusiness-like, and impracticable. I received many letters from members of the Iron Hall, some of them severely denunciatory, and many of them inspired, no doubt, by the managers of the order, who were enjoying a comfortable living out of the pockets of their victims. The disastrous failure which wiped out the concern came suddenly—like a shock—and all the much-vaunted promises of great returns to the members, to recompense them for their heavy assessments, were thrown to the winds. I am glad to see that recently a Baltimore company, which guaranteed certain policies of the Order of the Iron Hall, has been held responsible by the courts for guarantee.

The experience of the Iron Hall is that of all the other fraternal assessment orders which have failed, and it points out the probable end of all organizations which only provide for temporary and not for permanent life insurance. The Iron Hall ran along and was apparently successful for many years, until its certificates began

to fall due in large amounts. Then came the real test of its strength, and it fell, just as every fraternal assessment order must fall when its death rate begins to overtake its assessments. Many orders are endeavoring to save themselves from their inevitable fate by proposing a gradual and steady increase of assessments, so that the older the member the greater the burden he must bear. In an old-line company the older the member the easier his burden, for his policy has increasing value from year to year, while its cost never increases, and sometimes, by the payment of dividends, decreases.

"G." Belvidere, Ill.: They promise too much. "C." St. Matthews, S. C.: Reply by letter. Have asked a reliable party to send you the information in confidence.

"H." Buffalo: I have had a number of similar propositions, but obviously it would not be right to accept any of them, and all have therefore been refused.

"S." Detroit: The verdict of \$2,500 against the Modern Woodmen of America, rendered at Grand Rapids, was for physical damages for injuries received by a member while being initiated. "D. H. B." Wheeling, W. Va.: (1) I do not regard it by any means as perfectly safe or even reasonably safe. (2) If I sought an annuity, I should get it in the strongest old-line company I could find. Safety is the first element to consider.

"L." Buffalo: (1) The suit against the Safety Fund Insurance Society of New York, begun by Mr. Hausmann, charges the directors with having illegally sought to turn over the business and assets of the society to the American Guild, a fraternal organization of Richmond.

"L." Beaumont, Texas: I believe, considering all the circumstances, that your first duty is to protect your own personal interests and I would therefore recommend the joint survivorship annuity. It is safe, expedient, and gives you the assurance of maintenance in case of later misfortune. Your children may be better able in your declining years to look out for themselves than you have been.

The Hermit.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"D." Newport, R. I.: Not in my judgment. "H." Big Stone Gap, Va.: Will make inquiries and answer later.

"H." Meadville, Penn.: Will endeavor to correct the difficult Turkish rocker. "L." Mansfield, O.: I do not advise the purchase of Occidental.

"H. E. S." New York: I thank you for your letter of information.

"F." Philadelphia: Will make inquiries regarding the Suburban Development Company.

"H." San Francisco: The broker is wrong, though he may juggle with the figures to mislead you.

"D." Ballston Spa: I do not advise the purchase of United States Steel, or Union Bag, at present, though of the two I would prefer the latter. Industrial propositions are not in the highest favor.

"Hancock": Lehigh Valley has suffered with the rest of the coal roads, but an impression has gone out that large interests are picking up the stock on every sharp decline. I would therefore wait developments.

"W." New York: The Union Pacific Convertibles do not pay handsomely, but their convertible property is virtually an option on the common stock, and that is why they are favorably regarded both by speculators and investors.

"C." Dover, N. H.: It is said that the dividend on United Box, Board and Paper Company preferred was deferred because the company lost about \$10,000 on account of the increased price of coal resulting from the strike.

"C." Manchester, N. H.: The president of the Para Rubber Plantation Company, Mr. Cuddey, is a gentleman of wealth and successful business experience. Any mercantile agency would no doubt give you a detailed report.

"D." New York: As an employee of the concern, you might be expected to know something of the business. Its earnings certainly are large and its dividends generous. There is always danger of competition in industries.

"W. G. W." Brooklyn: (1) You could only lose in case you were unable to make your short sales good. You must guard against this. (2) The shrinkage would be inevitable if bankruptcy proceedings were impending, unless the stock is now selling at its real value.

"Z." Napa, Cal.: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. The business is very speculative and I would have nothing to do with the so-called "specials" or the "mutual investment," or with any other concern promising 10 per cent. monthly dividends.

"C." Johnstown, N. Y.: Two dollars received. You are on my preferred list for six months. (1) I am inclined to agree with you that it is being picked up on the new low level. I have been making careful inquiries, but it is difficult to get at the real facts. I think something "is doing."

"N." Little Rock, Ark.: Much depends upon the demonstrated practicability of the plan. A gas and electric-light franchise in a city of that size, would immediately command the necessary money. The experiment of a public heating plant has been tried in this State, but has not succeeded.

"G." Nashville, Tenn.: (1) It is true that the demand for iron rails and railroad iron generally is greater than the supply, but the demand for structural iron, wire nails, steel bars, sheet steel, tubes, etc., is not by any means greater than the supply. On the contrary, cuts in prices are being announced.

"C." Providence, R. I.: In the present temper of the speculative market, you would do wiser to hold on to your money and await the developments of the situation. It is not a good time to speculate unless you buy shares which you can dispose of at any time on the Stock Exchange. None of those to which you refer have a quotable value there.

"H." Shiremanstown, Penn.: (1) There are indications that it has been picked up on the decline by insiders. I do not advise its sale, but cannot get inside information. (2) All the iron and steel stocks are liable to suffer during the next year by a decreasing demand for iron and steel and the consequent reduction of prices of such commodities.

"Wheeling," W. Va.: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. I do not regard the stock as a permanent investment. At present it is making good returns on its capital, but it is an industrial proposition in a sense, and would suffer, like all other industrials,

from depression of business, which, sooner or later, must inevitably come.

"Banker," Charleston, S. C.: A good bond, netting a little over 4 per cent. and recommended by Spencer Trask & Co., the well-known bankers, of 27 Pine Street, New York, is the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis first consolidated 5 per cent. mortgage, selling around 116. A bond paying a little better, recommended by the same firm, is the Oregon Short Line 4 per cent. participating gold bond, selling around 93. Both of these have merit.

"J." Flattsburg, N. Y.: I would take my profit in Southern Pacific. The pool that undertook to advance it toward par is still loaded up with a good deal of the stock and will endeavor, no doubt, to market it before next spring, when the pool will expire. You might get a higher price for it, but a profit is a good thing to take at this time. No doubt if the leaders could relieve themselves of their burdens, Keene and Gates would both be found on the bear side.

"L." Memphis: (1) The declaration of a dividend of 6 per cent. on American Cotton Oil common, 4 per cent. payable next month and 2 per cent. way off in June next, may signify a possible alliance with a larger concern and a distribution of the surplus meanwhile. (2) A great many small speculators begin to realize that the bullish talk given out at intervals has for its purpose the unloading of certain stocks on the dear public. Talk is the cheapest commodity in Wall Street.

"F." Hartford, Conn.: (1) The stockholders of Greene Consolidated have ratified the proposed increase in the capital stock from \$6,000,000 to \$7,200,000. The unsubscribed stock, it is said, has been underwritten at \$20 a share. The stockholders of the Greene would do well to select their own expert and make their own examination of the property. (2) The syndicate that underwrote the Allis-Chalmers stock, I understand, is loaded up with the shares, for which it has been unable to find a market.

"S." Cohoes, N. Y.: (1) The disposition of leading traders is more and more toward the bear side, as it always is when the factors point to liquidation. (2) American Locomotive preferred is not a standard investment. While the locomotive works are overrun with orders just now, they are all adding to their production capacity, and the railroads are in many instances building their own locomotives. The Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona, for instance, are increasing their capacity to the extent of ten locomotives a week.

"A." Akron, O.: (1) The losses to the coal roads, growing out of the strike, have not yet been fully disclosed. It is said that the Lehigh Valley's deficit will amount to \$3,000,000 and the Reading's to nearly \$10,000,000. The loss to the Erie will go doubt be considerable. (2) The earnings of Toledo, St. Louis and Western last year showed less than 1 per cent. on the preferred stock, after the payment of fixed charges. On the basis of earnings, Kansas City Southern preferred, which is earning about 4 per cent., looks cheaper.

"N." Tonopah, Nev.: I hardly understand your question. It is not unusual to have both common and preferred shares of industrial and railway corporations. The preferred has a prior claim on the company for dividends and is a prior lien on the company's property, but neither the common nor preferred can be retired unless that fact is expressly stipulated. In other words, whatever the owners and issuers of the concern, at the organization of the company, legally decide to do may be done. I will be glad to explain further if this is unsatisfactory.

"S. E." Vancouver, B. C.: (1) So little is revealed about the possible traction combination that I can give you nothing definite. Manhattan seems to be a natural outlet for the New York Central system. That may be its destiny. Vanderbilt association with it would of course add greatly to its value. (2) I do not advise the purchase of United States Steel common at a time when the shrewdest observers are beginning to agree that the crest of the wave of prosperity in the iron market has been reached. (3) I have so many similar requests that it is impossible to comply. Can only answer inquiries as they are reached.

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Only a Name
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Write me a postal naming a friend who needs help. Tell me which book to send.

It is but a slight service to aid a sick friend—and I will do this:

I will mail the sick one an order—good at any drug store—for six boxes Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He may take it a month to learn what it can do. If it succeeds the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

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No case is too difficult; I take the risk in all. My records show that 39 out of each 40 who make this test get well—and pay gladly. I cheerfully pay for the rest.

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Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,
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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

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Business Chances Abroad.

THE importation of bicycles into Japan has more than doubled in the past two years, the value of the imports in 1901 being \$269,027, over 95 per cent. of which came from the United States. The bicycle has not yet penetrated into the interior of the islands; it is used chiefly as a cheap method of locomotion in the seaports and large cities. Being employed principally for business rather than for pleasure, it is not subject to the caprice which caused such an extraordinary increase and decline in its use in this country. The demand for bicycles in Japan, we are informed by Consul-General Bellows, of Yokohama, is likely to grow for some time yet, after which it may be expected to continue fairly steady. He says there is a fair prospect that automobiles may generally come into use in Japan for purposes of business. The postal authorities are now considering the advisability of purchasing automobiles for the transportation of the imperial mails to Tokio.

Business men interested in Madagascar state that a profitable cattle trade may soon be opened between that colony and the Transvaal. The southern part of the island is a rich field for raising cattle, and is good for little else. The cattle now there, owned by the natives, number from 800,000 to 1,000,000. In Madagascar cattle can be bought for \$19.30 per head, or less, and they will sell in the Transvaal for \$67.50. Any one wishing to engage in this business may obtain information by correspondence with M. Louis Jaussaud, Tulear, Madagascar.

The French government has awarded the transport service between the coast of Madagascar and Tananarivo, the capital and largest city on the island, to Mr. Edouard Giquel, a merchant of long standing in Madagascar. Mr. Giquel, who has studied the different patterns of hand-carts and "pousse-pousse" used, in the last two years, has come to the conclusion that the strongest, lightest, and most durable vehicle of the kind can be produced in the United States and, consequently, he is desirous of entering into correspondence with American wagon and carriage manufacturers in order to obtain something of purely American type.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere.

Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly," 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



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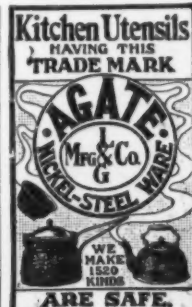
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Educating Awkward Sea Lions and Seals.

Continued from page 491.

it necessary for me to keep at least two or three understudies, and to be continually training new seals in the tricks of the old ones.

"Charley, there, is one of my substitutes, and he is learning to clap his hands to show the audience that he appreciates the music of the seal band and the other tricks of his comrades. I am making him lie on his back and slap his front fins together. If you should see the performance a few months from now you would think that Charley was a good deal of a humorist. He's a stubborn little beast. I have to put him on his back and hold him there at first, to let him know what I want. Then I tap his front fins so that he flaps them together."

While Mr. Judge was telling me this he was suiting the action to the word. Charley was considerably excited and a little unmanageable at being photographed. He had broken loose from his master and had loped away repeatedly. Finally he was made to lie still, for Mr. Judge caught him and held him down, and then when the trainer's little whip touched the sea lion's fins he clapped them together rapidly.

"Now when he has learned that," remarked Mr. Judge, "I can tie the tambourines on his fins and Charley can play in the band."

The saddest fact about these seals and sea lions who are public entertainers is their tendency to blindness. In the collection of "Alaska" is one old lion, Nero, who is totally blind. His brown eyes have each a faded blue spot in the centre. It is his profession which has brought this about, for the calcium lights of the stage have burned away the animal's sight. Used in their native state to spending so much of their time under water, the eyes of the sea lion are not strong enough to withstand the strain of glaring, artificial light. Nero has been an actor eight years. He is between ten and eleven years old and his blindness has come on gradually. He was once a juggler, but he has been forced to give that up because he can no longer see. He still takes his place on the stage, however, and you wonder how he can find his way about and follow instructions.

"He does it entirely through knowing my voice," said the trainer. "He knows the direction from which it comes and that guides him. While I call him to his perch he will move forward until he strikes it with his nose and then he will climb onto it. His box always occupies the same relative position to the entrance of the stage, so that he can go to it alone, if necessary, simply by his recollection of the distance."

Although it was so exacting, it was evident that these awkward, floundering fellows enjoyed their performance on the stage. They were eager to "go on" and hobbled pell-mell from their tank to the centre of the stage. It was apparent, too, that they were just as glad when it was over, for they crowded in an indistinguishable heap at the exit. Perhaps the sight of the man with a bucket of fish had something to do with this.

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